

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 25, 1978 \$1.25

THE CHAMP AGAIN



Let the Spirit move you



Available in sedan or liftback.

® Buyer Protection Plan is registered with U.S. Pat. and T.M. Office.



AMC SPIRIT

There's a new excitement in small cars. The brand-new 1979 Spirit DL from American Motors. This car's got more than corduroy bucket seats, a sleek instrument panel, sporty looks and a great ride. It's got more than the exclusive AMC Buyer Protection Plan®.

This car's got spirit.
The new 1979 Spirit,
from AMC.

'I know why I smoke.'

"There's only one reason I ever smoked. Good taste.

"So when I switched to low tar, I wasn't about to give that up. If you don't smoke for taste what else is there?

"But there was all that talk about tar.

"Unfortunately, most low tar cigarettes tasted like nothing. Then I tried Vantage.

"Vantage gives me the taste I enjoy. And the low tar I've been looking for."

Vince Dougherty

Vince Dougherty
Philadelphia, Pa.



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar",
0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER,
MENTHOL: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

High technology that'll grab you by the ears.



Introducing a new standard in audio components. From Zenith.

Bet you didn't know that every stereo tuner sold in the free world—every one—is based on Zenith technology. Surprised? It's true. They all use Zenith technology.

Now Zenith has engineered its own line of fine audio components. For example, there's an AM/FM stereo receiver with continuous power output of 40 watts per channel, min. RMS, at 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 KHz with 0.2% or less total harmonic distortion. And that's only one model in our new receiver line.

Our brand new Allegro two- and three-way speaker systems have response curves so flat we engraved them on the front of each speaker. They've got frequency response controls, tuned ports and

much, much more.

In our precision, belt-drive turntables there are features like Shure magnetic cartridges, anti-skate, low mass tone arms and viscous-damped cueing controls.

You can even get a high performance stereo cassette deck with Dolby[®] twin VU meters, peak indicator plus separate EQ and bias switches.

Whether you're a first time component buyer or an audiophile, you owe it to yourself to check out Zenith's new audio components. They've got the features you want, the performance you demand and the quality and reliability you'd expect from Zenith.

ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



KLUETMEIER PHOTOGRAPHED THIS IO, AS YOU CAN SEE, PERHAPS

When Kenny Moore landed in his article on the vanishing birds of the Hawaiian forest, which begins on page 72, shreds of moleskin still clung to his blistered heels. His arms were scratched, his legs bruised. He spoke around a thickened tongue. He said, "You should see Heinz Kluetmeier."

Photographer Kluetmeier accompanied Moore on the week-long trek on the island of Hawaii, "an impossible assignment for him," says Moore. "He'd never backpacked before. He was loaded with 70 pounds of water and gear. And the birds are so hard to photograph that the Fish and Game and Audubon guides use 19th-century pointings to show what they look like."

So how did Kluetmeier do? Well, for one thing, he took what is perhaps the best portrait of the io, or Hawaiian hawk. He also came to figure prominently in Moore's story—and in his milder memories of the trip.

"On our last morning in civilization, he didn't show up for breakfast at the restaurant," Moore says. "While I was savoring my last popaya, he was back in his room, practicing cooking cornmeal over his little camp stove." ("The first time I used it in camp, it blew up in my face," says Kluetmeier.)

But Heinz, an engineer by training, has a reputation for energy and resourcefulness. "To say nothing of professionalism," Moore adds. "He'd drag along looking like Gasim emerging from the desert, but if there seemed to be a picture, he'd be 20 feet up the nearest sandalwood." And it was Kluetmeier who, upon occasion, kept Olympic mar-

athoner Moore from coming unglued.

"I'd get claustrophobic and frustrated," Moore says, "but Heinz kept making jokes, calling the place Fernwood, or pretending to interview an old G.I. who had been there for 35 years, living on crickets and tendon of fern, without knowing the war was over. I'd start laughing and lose concentration and pitch down a lava flow." Kluetmeier says, "Knowing Kenny runs 100 miles a week, I took my loaded pack and kept walking up and down a 100-step stairway back home. But I knew he'd still be in better shape, so I brushed up on my jokes to keep him weak and amused, so I could sneak out front on the trail."

By the time Kluetmeier and Moore stumbled out of the forest's depths their boots were sodden and falling apart. After his first shower in a week, Moore put the squishy, muddy things back on. Not Kluetmeier. "He went to the Kona airport in shorts and white-stockinged feet," says Moore, "figuring he could buy at least a pair of slippers somewhere. He couldn't, and by the time he got to the runway, it was half an inch deep in rainwater. The stewardess followed a line of watery footprints down the aisle of the plane and looked at him a little strangely, the more so when he took her picture. The last I saw of Heinz in Honolulu was his soaked heels as he sprinted for the San Francisco plane."

Robert F. Sutton

Even if you were born with thin hair, you don't have to live with it.

More body The look and feel of thicker hair instantly

More protein Thanks to CPP Catipeptide,® Redken's unique protein that can be absorbed so much better than any protein we've ever used

What more could a man want?

Check your Yellow Pages for the RK barber styling salon near you and stop living with thin hair



You can trust the 3000 salons dedicated to the RK promise good looks based on science

RK

EDVAP, REDKEN LABORATORIES INC.

BOOKTALK

by JULIE LAND

**'OH, GIVE ME THAT OLD SOFT SHOE'
RINGS THE CRY FROM COAST TO COAST**

Once, long ago, they were the humblest of shoes and, except when their wearers were kids, usually lay forgotten for much of the year in the back of a closet. The soles were worn smooth, the canvas uppers torn and stained, the laces knotted and frayed. Sometimes they gave off an unpleasant odor, a reminder of hours spent pounding across gym floors, squishing through damp grass, slogging along beaches. Back then, they were shoes worn when you didn't want to run a good pair. After all, they were only sneakers.

Today, they are **SNEAKERS!** At least that is what some people call them, whether they are running shoes or tennis shoes or basketball shoes, whether worn by executives, joggers, housewives, kids or pro athletes. They have now reached the apex of public recognition with two new paperbacks devoted to the subject: *Sneakers* by Samuel Amicus Walker (Wickman, \$3.95) and *The Super Sneaker Book* by Caroline A. Zimmermann (Doubleday Dolphin, \$5.95). The Zimmermann book is a rather tedious compilation of prices, promotional pictures and heavy-humor features (including lewd letters to and from an Aunt Sneaker), but Samuel Amicus Walker's work offers an amusing hour or so to those addicted to the sporty footwear.

Sneakers serves up a cornucopia of canvas-shoe lore. There's a chronology that includes such important dates as 1873 (the year the term "sneaker" first appeared in print), 1915 (the Navy orders the first GI pants) and 1929 (Spalding introduces the arch cushion). There's also a diagram of a rubber tree, a quickie biography of Charles Goodyear and a photographic tour of a sneaker factory. *Sneakers* even has a chapter on baking a cake in the form of a pair of sneakers.

Trivia experts will enjoy the long list of sneaker synonyms—gymshoes, gym shoes, plimsolls, perpetrator boots, tractor treads—and can test their trivial powers by means of a quiz that asks how many brands the reader can identify from photographs of treads.

Other *Sneakers* gleanings: Did you know that 14 is the average size in the NBA? Are you aware that the original rubber-sole wearers were Amazon natives who dipped their feet in bowls of liquid latex, which they then hardened by toasting their feet in front of a fire? Finally, did you know that in 1950 sneakers accounted for only 5% of U.S. shoe sales while today they have 50% of the market? Does this give you a clue to why there are now books on this once humble subject? **END**



The year-round dark beer.

Glass after glass—there is only one dark beer that gives you this consistently wholehearted character and great taste, any and every time. It's Heineken Special Dark Beer. Brewed and bottled in Holland. Heineken tastes tremendous. No wonder it's America's #1 imported beer. Exclusive U.S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., N.Y., N.Y.

SONAR



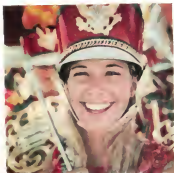
Press the button.



Sound waves measure the distance



and the lens whips into focus.



Polaroid introduces Sonar automatic focusing.

Life doesn't just sit there waiting for you to focus. So Polaroid has invented a way for sonar to focus for you automatically. You press one button, and that's all. Within a split second, inaudible sound waves dart to the subject and back, and the lens whips into focus. With Polaroid's new Sonar OneStep Land cameras, you can get sharp, precisely focused pictures every time. And see them in minutes.



The Sonar OneSteps from \$99⁹⁵
OneSteps. The World's Simplest Cameras.

ANNOUNCING 1979

MORE SUNBIRD...



Delca AM radio



Bucket seats



Tinted glass



Deluxe cushion wheel

What better way to announce 1979 than by announcing more Pontiac Sunbird Coupe. Now, this sporty little machine comes with more standard features than ever before. Delca AM radio, custom wheel covers, whitewall tires, body side molding, tinted glass all around. All newly standard for '79. Plus Delca Freedom® battery, new

deep contour bucket seats, front disc brakes, a kicky 2.5 litre four-cylinder engine, four-speed manual shift, Body by Fisher and more. More Sunbird value. For less money. Sunbirds are



-PONTIAC STYLE!

FOR LESS! \$3,781*



Front disc brakes



Delco Freedom® Battery



Custom wheel covers
and whitewalls



Body side molding

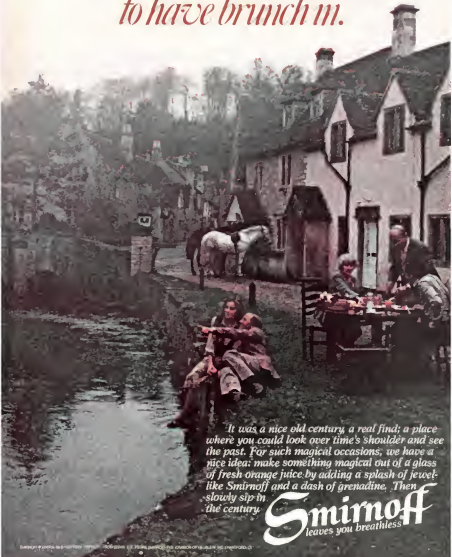
equipped with engines produced by various GM divisions. See your dealer for details. And ask him about buying or leasing the extraordinary new Sunbird.

*Comparison of the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price of the '79 Sunbird Coupe with a comparably equipped '78 Sunbird Coupe. The M.S.R.P. includes dealer preparation. Taxes, license, destination charges and available equipment are additional. Priced higher in California.



THE 1979 PONTIACS  OUR BEST GET BETTER

*You found a nice Century
to have brunch in.*



*It was a nice old century, a real find; a place
where you could look over time's shoulder and see
the past. For such magical occasions, we have a
nice idea: make something magical out of a glass
of fresh orange juice by adding a splash of jewel-
like Smirnoff and a dash of grenadine. Then
slowly sip in
the century.*

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless

Smirnoff Vodka is a product of Russia. © 1995 Smirnoff Vodka, LLC. All rights reserved. Smirnoff is a registered trademark of Smirnoff Vodka, LLC.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

SWITCHEROO

That \$30 million authorization that a House Judiciary Subcommittee struck from the Olympic Sports Bill (SCORECARD, Aug. 28) was restored last week by full committee vote after intricate maneuvering. Given the fact that the Senate-passed version of the bill authorizes the same amount and that the House version now has the enthusiastic backing of Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino (D., N.J.) and Speaker Tip O'Neill, the funding looks promising.

But it wasn't all that easy. Rep. Thomas N. Kindness (R., Ohio), who led the move to strike the \$30 million in the subcommittee vote, tried again in full committee. The motion was beaten back, but then, ironically, Kindness made the motion, which passed, to restore the funding. Kindness said he did this because he liked the wording of the amendment authored by Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier (D., Wis.) better than that of the Senate bill, but the word from Washington is that Kindness switched to escape increasing heat from the public.

NO ONE HERE BUT US SCOUTS

When Barry Sides, an assistant football coach at the University of Houston for 10 years, was assigned to scout Memphis State two weeks ago, he checked the Memphis press guide, which said the game would be played "at Ole Miss." So on the morning of the Saturday night game Sides flew from Houston to Memphis, rented a car and drove down to the Mississippi campus at Oxford.

"I got down there real early, about two o'clock," Sides says, "and of course there was no one there then. So I just drove around the campus for a while, went and got me something to eat and sort of fooled around."

Time passed.

"It wasn't until six that I got a little concerned," Sides says, "I thought, 'Well, maybe it's an 8 p.m. game, but I wonder why some of the stadium employees aren't showing up.'"

More time passed.

"I was getting real worried," Sides says, "so I stopped and asked a student about the game." The student informed Sides that the game was one of those that Ole Miss plays down in Jackson, three hours away. Sides called it a night, because by the time he got to Jackson all he would have seen was part of the last quarter, at best.

To Sides' credit he did fess up right away to Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, who says, "Earlier in my career I might have become unraveled, but not this time. You need something like this, I guess, to tell your grandkids."

P.S. Last week Houston lost to Memphis State 17-3.

DEADLY GAME

Rugby is under fire Down Under. So far nine players in Australia and New Zealand have died this year, and scores of others have been seriously injured, with a number maimed for life. At least four players are now quadriplegics.

The use of the head as a battering ram and the practice of scrums packing too low, thus increasing the risk of a player's head buckling beneath his arm pits, are being blamed. But there is also the question of out-and-out violence. "Too many rugby players are suffering fractured faces from being punched or kicked," says Alton Macalister, an oral surgeon in Otago, New Zealand. "As a former player, I know there shouldn't be this incidence of fractured faces from legal rugby. The most common facial fractures are to the jawbone and cheekbone. I see premeditated violence and a worsening situation."

DREAM FISH

The tiny town of Hayward, Wis. (pop. 1,700) is the home of the biggest fish on earth. It is 143 feet long and 4½ stories high. It is not a live fish but a camouflaged 90-ton, steel and fiberglass replica of a muskie in which every scale has been cut by hand, and it is the setpiece of the

National Fresh Water Fishing Hall of Fame. Formally dedicated this summer, the fish will be open to the public next spring, and the big attraction will be to enter through the belly and walk upstairs to the viewing platform in the mouth, which is studded with 3½-foot teeth.

Both the fish and the hall were dreamed up by Bob Kutz, 58, a former resort and restaurant owner, who woke up one night in 1960 with the revelation that Hayward, well known for its muskie fishing, should have a fishing hall of fame to match baseball's in Coopersstown. (Why Hayward and not some other fishing hot spot? "Because we live here, not someplace else," says Mrs. Kutz.)

Ever since then, Kutz and a growing army of enthusiasts have been turning the dream into reality. They have collected a mass of books and artifacts, ranging from fish mounts to ancient tackle to Ole Evinrude's first outboard motor. They have also raised more than half a



million dollars, mostly "the hard way," says Kutz, by selling individual memberships for \$10 a year. Kutz also talked Jim Beam, the bourbon people, into issuing 10 commemorative fish decanters, one species a year, for which the hall gets a \$2 royalty on every case sold.

At present the Hayward hall also serves as "official keeper" of world records for 160 species of freshwater fish, and next year Kutz and company will start enshrining fishermen and others who have made outstanding contributions to angling. Besides the walk-in muskie, the grounds will eventually have seven buildings, including an aquarium and a library for research. "We had

continued

How to listen to Moscow, Russia... Moscow, Idaho and your good buddy, Max Moscow.



Panasonic introduces the Command Series.*

Tune in. Sit back. And travel the world with Panasonic's short wave radios—the Command Series. Set your itinerary by simply setting the dial. Stop off in London for a concert with the London Philharmonic. Be in Peking when they announce the new packing order. Or visit old friends in the old country. Any old country. Even the good ol' U.S.A.

There are thousands of overseas and domestic short wave transmissions* you can tune in. And with an optional outside antenna, you'll get incredible accuracy with the RF-2800 (shown above). Because Panasonic's LED Digital Frequency Display is so precise, it's accurate to within 1 kHz. That's the kind of tuning that used to cost twice the price. That was up until the Panasonic RF-2800.



And if you want to hear more than short wave, the RF-2800 gives you more. Like SSB (single sideband) amateur radio. All 40 CB channels. Ship to shore. Even Morse communications. And, of course, there's AM and FM.

And like more expensive short wave receivers, the RF-2800 has an RF-Gain Control to enhance weak, distant stations or to prevent overload distortion from overstrong stations.

The Command Series from Panasonic. Now you can travel the world without ever leaving home.

*Short wave reception will vary with weather conditions, operator's geographic location and other factors.

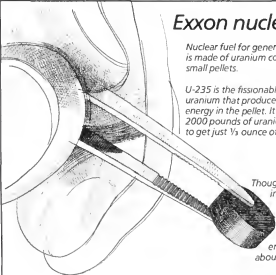
Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

EXXON ILLUSTRATED

Exxon nuclear fuel.

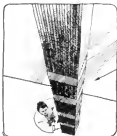
Nuclear fuel for generating electricity is made of uranium compressed into small pellets.

U-235 is the fissionable isotope in uranium that produces most of the energy in the pellet. It takes about 2000 pounds of uranium-bearing rock to get just $\frac{1}{3}$ ounce of U-235.



Though less than $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in diameter, nuclear fuel pellets are power-packed. Each pellet contains the energy equivalent of about 100 gallons of oil.

The pellets are sealed in long metal tubes or fuel rods.



The rods are grouped together in bundles or assemblies. Each rod must be exactly positioned and spaced within the assembly.

It takes some 200 nuclear fuel assemblies to make up the core of one modern reactor.

Annual electricity production from this reactor can meet the present average electrical needs of over 750,000 American homes. If generated by fossil fuels, this

amount of electricity would require 10 million barrels of oil or 3 million tons of coal.

By 1990, nuclear fuel could provide about 30% of total U.S. electricity demand.

Energy for a strong America.



30,000 visitors last year," Kutz says. "We had 60,000 this year, and we expect 100,000 next year. The whole thing is exactly as I dreamed it."

DOWN, NOT UP

Computer buff Bud Goode (SI, Sept. 4) disputes the NFL claim that the rule changes designed to help receivers and quarterbacks have hyped the offense, and in rebuttal he offers the following data. In 1977 the yards per pass attempt figure was 5.18, after the first two games this season it's 5.12, down 1%. The 1977 yards per completion figure was 12.7, this season it's 12.4, down 2%. "The preponderance of other evidence out of the computer," says Goode, "shows that the rule changes have really had no effect to date."

THREE MILLION

Last week the Los Angeles Dodgers became the first club in baseball history to draw three million fans at home. A crowd of 47,188 attended last Friday's night game against the Braves, pushing the season attendance to 3,011,368 with eight dates remaining.

At the end of the sixth inning, PA announcer John Ramsay told the crowd, "You are all part of baseball history." With that, the scoreboard flashed the figures. The fans, who always applaud the announcement of the attendance at Dodger Stadium, rose en masse to give themselves a standing ovation. The Dodger players thereupon stepped from the dugout to applaud the fans, who were still applauding themselves. Organist Helen Dell played *You're The Tops*, there was champagne in the press box and a fireworks display after the game, which the Dodgers won.

The front office picked Fan No. Three Million by a drawing from the ticket stubs. The winner was Jay Blood of Hermosa Beach, who received a lifetime pass and a car. Blood really isn't that much of a fan. His brother is, and Jay was using his ticket.

STRIKE IT RICH

The Mad Bomber has struck again, and this time it's oil. Daryl Lamonia, who earned that sobriquet as quarterback for the Oakland Raiders before disappearing into the World Football League and oblivion, says, "If a pro club came to me today and offered to triple my old salary, I couldn't afford to accept. I've

made more in the last year than in 14 pro seasons."

After settling his contract with the WFL, the Mad Bomber did well enough with a trucking company, but then a golfing, hunting and fishing pal, Gordon Tabor, suggested he get into oil. Tabor put Lamonia in touch with Bobby J. Darnell, a geologist from Oklahoma who had played football behind Jerry Tubbs, and the result was the formation of the TaLa Gas & Oil Company, which began drilling in Oklahoma last year. "We've hit on 16 out of 19 wells," Lamonia says, "and my investors are pretty happy." The investors include such players as MacArthur Lane, Raymond Chester and Art Thomas.

"I'm a forthright guy," says Lamonia. "I believe in attacking the world every day. Things couldn't be better. My folks gave me an old jalopy when I was in high school in Fresno. Last Christmas I bought my mother the best Mark V as a slight repayment."

MYSTIC MARGIS

At the end of August, Viktor Korchnoi fled placid Baguio City for seething, steamy Manila. He was in a bad way in his match against world chess champion Anatoly Karpov of the Soviet Union, trailing 4-1 in the first-to-win-six series. Korchnoi was going through "a severe emotional crisis," as one of his seconds put it, after losing three games in just over a week, two of them in the space of a single shattering hour.

Was the feisty 47-year-old Soviet defector giving away too many years to the 27-year-old champion? Had Karpov's parapsychologist aide, the wild-haired, sinister-eyed Dr. Vladimir Zoukhar, actually been able to hypnotize Korchnoi, as the challenger claimed he was trying to do? Was it karmas for Korchnoi?

Minutachku. After six days, having twice postponed the start of Game 18, Korchnoi reappeared in Baguio—looking relaxed, smiling broadly and flanked by a boy mystic and a girl mystic who wore tangerine-colored robes and turbans. In the playing hall, the mystic pair assumed lotus positions, bowed their heads and closed their eyes in apparent meditation, prompting a dozen Soviets to stomp out and Dr. Zoukhar to shift his seat a bit farther away from the stage.

What Korchnoi had brought back from Manila, it turned out, were two American-born Margis, members of an

Indian-based meditative sect called Ananda Marga. The interesting thing about the Margis is that in recent years they have acquired notoriety for terrorist-style attacks on Indian diplomats stationed overseas; the interesting thing about this particular pair is that they were out on bail pending appeal, after having been sentenced from 10 to 17 years for stabbing an Indian embassy official in Manila last February. They are reticent about their backgrounds: Steven Michael Dwyer (whose Marga name is Dadi Arisudan) is reportedly from Kansas; Victoria Sheppard (Didi Madhuri) is said to come from "a wealthy family." Both are in their early 30s.

Smirer reputation or no, Korchnoi's new "spiritual guides" are soft-spoken and serene, radiating the total assurance he had previously lacked. Installed in the challenger's comfortable resort hotel, the two put Korchnoi through long "yoga and meditation sessions," designed, says Dwyer, "to make him strong and independent and not fear outside influences."

How all this will work out remains to be seen. But in the first six games after the Margis' instruction had made him "a new man," Korchnoi produced a solid win and five draws—two of them of the near miraculous variety from losing positions. Dwyer and Sheppard have been banned from the hall ("the presence of convicted terrorists is a grave security risk," argued the Soviets) but they seem to have Korchnoi tuned in to something.

WINNING CHALLENGE

A legal victory by the U.S. Wrestling Federation over the Amateur Athletic Union two weeks ago could have far-reaching effects. By a unanimous vote of a panel of three attorneys, agreed upon by both sides, the USWF displaces the AAU as the national governing body for amateur wrestling. The USWF is thus in charge of sanctioning all U.S. competition in international wrestling and will be responsible for the selection and training of squads for the Olympic, World and Pan-American Games.

Revision of the U.S. Olympic Committee constitution now permits challenges to the ruling body of any sport. The USWF won its challenge because the attorneys felt it had demonstrated the ability to do a better job of overseeing the sport than the AAU had been doing.

The USWF victory can only encourage others sports to go the same route. **END**

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY 76.

©1976 J. R. R. T. CO. INC.

One of a kind.

The man. The cigarette. They speak for themselves.

Ordinary cigarettes just don't have what Camel Filters has.

Its blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos gives him what he smokes for.

Pleasure. Satisfaction.

A Camel Filters Man understands why the best times are often the simplest.

Do you?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





ONE MORE TIME TO THE TOP

Circling around a confused Leon Spinks, old master Ali jabbed a bit, grabbed a bit and won the world title all over again in their Battle of New Orleans by PAT PUTNAM



CONTINUED

This was not the old Muhammad Ali, not by a half. But last Friday night in the New Orleans Superdome, driven by an ambition as vaulting as the structure, Ali dominated without letup a badly confused Leon Spinks. And after 15 perpetual-motion rounds, Ali had won the world heavyweight championship for an unprecedented third time. The decision was unanimous and indisputable.

As a fight it was not so much a contest as it was a demonstration by an old master educating an inexperienced youngster in the fine points of the craft. But at 36, Ali teaches a better game than he plays. The result was that, as a whole, the fight was sloppy.

"Sloppy?" howled a happy Angelo Dundee, the trainer who had plotted Ali's battle plan. "It was beautifully sloppy. It was gorgeous sloppy, wonderful sloppy. And it was the only damn way we were going to beat Spinks."

The plan was simple: Ali would jab, jab, throw a right and grab. When Spinks came flailing in, Ali would hook his left

hand around the back of Spinks' head and pull him into an embrace, effectively limiting Spinks to one or two punches or pulling him off balance. And Ali would dance, baby, dance. He would tie up Spinks and then dance away from him on the break, circling to the right, circling to the left. And the fight went as plotted. From the fifth round on, Dundee was shouting across the ring at Spinks, "Where did he go, Leon? Where did he go?"

Spinks was clearly asking himself the same question. Where Ali assuredly did not go was to the ropes, as he had done while losing his beloved championship to Leon in their fight in Las Vegas in February. Gone was the infamous rope-a-dope, by means of which Ali had coasted for long periods during his last few fights. This was the first time in recent memory that Ali stayed in the center of the ring, circling, jabbing and throwing occasional, if not very accurate, combinations, the first time in years he had not engaged in any extraneous foolish-

ness. And when in doubt, he would seize Spinks in a mighty bear hug. At 221 pounds against 201, it was no contest.

Like many in the mammoth crowd, Referee Lucien Joubert would have preferred something more pure in the way of boxing, and in the early rounds he warned Ali repeatedly as he uncloaked Ali's hand from Spinks' head. Finally, at the end of the sixth round, he told Dundee that he had taken the fifth round away from Ali.

"For what?" Dundee said.

"For holding. I warned him about it."

"Now you tell me," Dundee yelled.

"You take a round away from my guy and now you tell me? What the hell were you waiting for?"

But at this stage in the fight it didn't matter. Now, instead of throwing just one punch after the jab, Ali began unloading combinations, and if they weren't causing any particular pain, many of them were scoring points.

"Goodbye, Leon!" Dundee shouted.

Spinks looked across the ring at Dundee and smiled. And at the end of the seventh round, when Ali permitted himself the luxury of a little Ali shuffle on the way back to his corner, the outcome seemed clear.

All through the fight Spinks kept looking desperately to his corner for advice, but all was chaos. He had arrived at ringside with an entourage of 11 persons, including a clutch of Marine Corps buddies, and every one of them was shouting instructions. Across the ring, Dundee watched the confusion, then turned and surveyed the usual two dozen or so members of Ali's team. "Well," he said, "their crazies can match our crazies, anyway."

Ali is used to such bedlam. For the 25-year-old Spinks, the situation was serious. It became more so when George Benton, the well-regarded trainer who had masterminded the upset victory over Ali seven months ago, quit in disgust. Overcome with frustration, he walked out on the fight at the end of the fifth round. "My God," he said, "it's a zoo."

Only minutes before the fight, Sam Solomon, Spinks' principal trainer, had told Benton his plan for instructing Spinks during the fight: Benton would



Pulling Spinks in with one hand, Ali prepares to another an attack, a tactic that cost him a round



Plainly puzzled, Spinks gets advice from trainer Sam Solomon while brother Michael yells "Wiggle!"

be permitted to give advice only every third or fourth round. They would alternate. One round, Solomon would whisper in Spinks' ear; the next round, it would be Michael, the champion's younger brother; then it would be Benton's turn. Unless, of course, Art Reddon, the gunnery sergeant who had coached Spinks in the Marines, had some counsel he thought might be helpful. And at one point Marshall Warren, Spinks' accountant, was shouting advice as loudly as any of them.

"Remember," Solomon told Benton, "if it's not your turn in the corner and you have something to say to Leon, just tell the guy whose turn it is and he'll relay the message."

The situation had been even more chaotic in the dressing room before the fight, when it was discovered that no one among the horde of friends, relatives and functionaries jammed into the room had remembered to bring Spinks' protective cup, his water bucket and water bottle. "Go get a cup," Solomon said to Chet

Cummings, a public-relations man for Top Rank, the fight co-promoters. "For God's sake, get Leon a cup."

"A cup?" said Cummings, a knowledgeable fight man who never dreamed that anyone could be that dumb. Cummings turned to Vickie Blain, another Top Rank employee, and said, "Go get Leon a cup for ice."

"Not that kind of a cup," Solomon yelled. "A cup cup, for God's sake. A cup cup!"

Finally they borrowed a protective cup, two water bottles and a bucket from Mike Rosman, who had won the WBA world light-heavyweight championship earlier in the evening and was sharing the dressing room with Spinks.

"You couldn't believe the scene in there," Benton said later. "There's at least 30 outsiders hanging around getting in everybody's way. Then Sam tells me how every fourth round I might get to talk to Leon. I mean, I'm no freaking yo-yo. What am I supposed to do? Go in and say, 'Remember four rounds ago

when I said to . . .'" Then he tells me how we can relay instructions. Now it's my rule by committee. It was amateur hour and amateurs were running the show."

Benton had not wanted to be there at all. The first fight had been quite enough. But in July he had received a letter inviting him to New Orleans as a special guest. The letter was from Mitt Barnes, Spinks' manager in absentia. Benton had not replied and had decided not to go. He knew Solomon didn't want him there.

But then, two weeks before the fight, as Spinks' training sessions grew less and less productive, Michael Spinks and Butch Lewis, a Top Rank vice-president who at one time was in charge of Spinks' career, had convinced Leon that he needed former middleweight contender Benton in his corner. After four phone calls Lewis finally persuaded Benton to come. He arrived nine days before the fight.

"When I got there I saw Leon was doing all the wrong things," Benton said. "He'd forgotten all the things I had him doing for the last fight. The boy could be a hell of a fighter but he needs a teacher, and I can only do so much for him in a week or two. He'd lost his jab. He wasn't bobbing and weaving. I told him, 'Leon, it's about time you got to work.'"

Benton went to work, but there was little he could do about what was going on inside Spinks' head. The young man has a deep love for his family and a great loyalty to old friends. He tries desperately to make them all happy, and when squabbles began during the weeks before the fight Spinks was deeply disturbed.

Seven days before the fight, there was a shouting match with Michael. Later Michael said, "I had something on him I couldn't get off my mind. I told him that I had to chase him to New Orleans, that he was trying to run away from the family and that he owed them more than that." After the argument Leon went out to train. As he began jumping rope, tears began to stream down his cheeks.

That night, as he had for many of the previous nights, and as he did for the rest of the nights leading up to the fight, Spinks fled alone to the many small and dangerous bars deep inside the New Orleans ghetto. There he tried to drink away the pain.

"He was drunk every night he was here," said Bob Arum, the Top Rank president. "Leon went to places our pro-

continued

BLOOD, SWEAT AND CHEERS

by Bruce Newman

Looking at it strictly from a boxer's point of view, the nice thing about fighting a preliminary bout on a world heavyweight championship card is that, if you should happen to stink out the joint, there's a pretty good chance that no one but the immediate family will know about it. Prelims are usually the part of the show where a lot of guys named Vito slug it out in anonymity while electricians wander around ring-side trying to figure out why the P.A. system isn't working. But last Friday night in New Orleans, with the world looking on, the prelim guys performed like a bunch of champions. Which is precisely what they were.

With more than 70,000 fans paying \$7 million plus to make the biggest gate in boxing history, it was only fitting that, in addition to the Spinks-Als match, there were three other world title bouts on the card. The promoters

figured that if the suckers paying \$50 each to sit a quarter of a mile from the ring weren't going to be able to see the fights, they might as well not see good ones. Except for a fairly dull bantamweight opener between WBA champion Jorge Lujan of Panama and challenger Alberio Davila of California—in which Lujan retained his title on a unanimous decision—that is what they got. And then some.

While John Travolta and Liza Minnelli played *Celebrity Gossamer* in Muhammad Ali's dressing room, and while a throng of late arrivals was still inhaling the Redfish Greig at Commander's Palace and seeking love and understanding at the Old Absinthe House, Danny (Little Red) Lopez was defending his WBA featherweight crown in his usual eccentric way against Juan Malvarez of Argentina. Lopez entered the ring wearing a feathered war bonnet, not because he is a featherweight—that kind of logic would require Little Red to wear a rooster on his head if he were to fight in the bantamweight division—but because he grew up on a Ute Indian reservation.

Lopez left Utah for California, where he met Benjie Georgino. Georgino ran a bar and a pizza parlor, and for 30 years he had been hanging around fighters, helping out when he could. He put Lopez to work making pizzas, which could explain Little Red's fast hands. Lopez came into the Malvarez fight with 35 knockouts in 37 victories. "When my guy hits people," says Georgino, "he sends 'em to the hospital or they retire. Either way, they're never the same again. Danny knocked out Art Hailey and Jose Torres, and now Hailey can't see right and Torres is just a shell of his former self. Pound for pound, Danny is the hardest puncher in boxing."

Not incidentally, Danny is also one of the easiest to punch. Malvarez swarmed over Lopez in the first round, unleashing a series of stinging combinations that knocked the champ down briefly and kept him back on his heels until the bell rang. "This guy punches harder than I thought," Lopez admitted later. "I thought I'd feel him out in the first round, but I guess he felt me out."

At the start of Round 2, Lopez was staggered once again by Malvarez, and to the uninitiated, those who have never had the pleasure of watching Little Red at work, it must have appeared unlikely that he would last much longer. But suddenly the predictable happened: Lopez pried an opening in Malvarez' guard with a short left and followed it with a thunderous right to Malvarez' jaw. It took quite a while for them to get Malvarez off the canvas and out of the ring.

Still, the brevity of the bout left a rather su-

able hole in the schedule—precisely planned to accommodate TV, as these affairs always are—so a couple of aimless heavyweight palookas were thrown into the ring for a stand-by four-rounder. They pounded dutifully upon one another for a round and a half, whereupon one of them fell down and did not, until much later, get up. Mostly a lot of people looked at Sylvester Stallone through their binoculars and sort of milled about.

The funny thing about a boxing ring is that when there isn't anything going on inside it, it might as well not even be there, for all the attention anybody pays to it. That's about the only reasonable way to explain how a striking-looking woman in a bright red gown could have assimilated herself into the center of the ring out of thin air. She had already discarded the shawl to her leotard ensemble before anyone much noticed she was even there, and it wasn't until she had doffed the halter-top beneath it that any serious cheering really began. All of a sudden the Superdome was a different kind of Boom Boom Room altogether. She was apprehended wearing only a G-string and high-heeled shoes by a muscular chap from security. To his everlasting credit, the crowd booed lustily at the decidedly high-handed manner in which the lady was removed from the premises. After she had been allowed to collect her wigs and her garments, she was readmitted to her \$200 ringside seat, but not many people recognized her with her clothes on.

The star of this one-round knockout performance was the redoubtable Edy Williams, who has appeared in such soft-core porn films as *Beyond the Valley of the Drills* and *Vixen*. It was odd and amusing to hear the righteous indignation expressed by ABC's crack commentary team over the incident, which was not inflicted upon the network's viewers. The last time we saw Edy Williams on television was in 1972 in the stands of the Los Angeles Coliseum at a USC-UCLA football game. It was there that she got her first network exposure, so to speak, when an ABC cameraman coaxed her to open her coat and show herself clad only in a bikini to a nationwide audience. Edy's performance last week would have been the ultimate "honey shot" for the network that made that regrettable term famous, but when the chaps, and most of Edy Williams' clothes, were down, ABC was taking a station break.

By the time the crowd had settled down, WBA Light Heavyweight Champion Victor Galindez of Argentina and challenger Mike Rossman of Turnersville, N.J. were already engaged in the 11th defense of Galindez' title. Galindez looks like a malevolent Charles Bronson, with dark mean eyes. Rossman had studied the melted-looking skin around those eyes and he knew what it meant. "He's got bad eyes," Rossman said before the fight. "A lot of scars. The man has been in a lot of wars."



Drawing blood, Rossman boxes it on Galindez

Rossman opened a small cut over Galindez's right eye in the first round and then jabbed insistently at the champion's forehead, tearing at the scar tissue until it was soft and pulpy. In the final minute of Round 6 Rossman landed a crunching blow that sent a rivulet of blood squinting down Galindez's face from his right eyebrow. For five more rounds Rossman pounded away at his target, then in the 12th Galindez seemed to sense the enormity of his predicament and struggled desperately to knock Rossman out. Holding on when he could, Galindez leaned his head heavily on Referee Carlos Berrocal's shoulder during one of the breaks, leaving a red mess on the official's white shirt. One round later the fight was stopped, and Rossman, who bills himself as the "Jewish Bomber"—he has a Star of David tattooed on his right calf—was celebrating in his corner with some members of the immediate family. Even when there are a couple of hundred million people around the world looking in, it's nice when a prehn guy has got his family around.



Unschudied but appreciated, the Lady in Red

ple didn't dare go, I'm surprised he didn't wind up with a knife in him."

At one point Spinks moved out of the fight headquarters at the Hilton Hotel and disappeared. No one, not even Solomon, knew where he had gone. "He had left the hotel and moved into a house and didn't tell anybody where it was," Butch Lewis said. "Nobody knew how to reach him. We almost went crazy. Finally we had to get a policeman to beat on a policeman who was part of Leon's security guard to find out where he was."

While Spinks trained and drank his way through the disharmony, Ali was maintaining his strenuous training pace. He rented a yellow brick home near Lake Ponchartraine, north of town, and there he ran each morning and there he suffered on the green rubbing table set up in the living room.

Every morning at seven, after running between three and five miles, Ali stretched out on the table while trainer Luis Sarria held his ankles with powerful hands, and he went through 12 groups of varying sit-ups, doing 30 or so in each group. The last 40 days before the fight he did 8,014 sit-ups, a number logged by one of his many aides.

On the fourth day before the fight, after Ali had complained of unnatural weariness after a workout, a local doctor discovered that his blood was low in salt, iron and potassium. After that, each morning with his breakfast of two trout, scrambled eggs and two slices of unbuttered whole-wheat toast, Ali swallowed 11 pills to make up the deficiencies.

"God, I have suffered and suffered and suffered. It really hurts," Ali said one morning from the table. He lay face down staring at a green flowered rug, his arms dangling almost to the floor as Sarria's fingers worked on his body. "The last fight. It's time for a new life. I'm going to put on a three-piece suit, carry a briefcase and fly around the world working for human rights and dignity. I'm going to form my own United Nations with a headquarters in Washington and the flags of the world flying from the top. I'm going to have a big warehouse in Cleveland filled with food and clothes, and when there is a disaster anywhere in the world I'm going to fly there in my Learjet and help the people. I don't want to fight no more. I've been doing it for 25 years and you can only do so much wear to the body. It changes a man. It has changed me. I can see it. I can feel it."

"I think this time he is ready," said Dundee, who had been watching Ali get massaged. "He has been cruel to himself. The bricks are all there, but he is 36 and they can tilt and fall. Nobody knows what's inside. What I'm counting on is how badly he wants to win it for the third time, to be the only man ever to do it. He has a sense of history. And, let's face it, Ali is not like other men."

A day later Benton was saying pretty much the same thing. Despite his nocturnal adventures, Spinks had trained hard. He was in excellent shape. Benton could see no way he could lose. Yet . . . ?

"Forget all the nonsense that has been going on around him," Benton said. "This kid has no business losing this fight. No business at all. I can't see anything the other guy can do to beat him. Ali can't win this fight. The only way he can win is if Leon falls on his face. Or if he lets what is inside his head beat him. But I've said that so many times about Ali before. Liston. Foreman. Frazier. The draft thing. Ali always comes up on his feet. It's like there is a mystical force guiding his life, making him not like other men. When I think of that—and when I think of the fight—it's scary."

Then came the fight, and Benton's scary feeling turned to outrage. After leaving the corner he watched a few more rounds on a TV monitor in the dressing room. After the 12th round he picked up his equipment bag and left.

Back in the ring, Spinks was looking to his corner again.

"Wiggle." Michael shouted at him. "Wiggle."

"Give him the old gusto," Solomon yelled.

Equally cogent advice was shouted by the others. In the 13th, so far behind that he could win only by a knockout, Spinks was advised by one of his cornermen to start jabbing to the body. Why not? It was as good as telling him to wiggle or to give him the old gusto.

And then it was all over, with Ali still dancing, and Spinks doggedly chasing him, still trying to find him, still trying to hit him.

The decision was announced: 10-4-1, 10-4-1, 11-4. And Spinks was there in the middle of the ring, one of the first to raise his idol's right arm in victory. Score one more for the venerable master. And shed a tear for the kid from the ghetto who really never had a chance. **END**



Slew flew past the finish line three lengths ahead his 1:45 1/2 for 1 1/4 miles just 1/2 of a second off the track record set by Secretariat

Even though it was only a bit past nine that morning last January at Hialeah, it was hot and muggy. Dr. Jim Hill, one of the owners of Seattle Slew, walked down the shedrow of Barn N and looked in on his ailing colt. For two days Hill had barely slept a wink as Slew lingered near death, fighting the effects of a blood infection. Then came the change Hill had awaited: "I've just seen the results of some blood tests and I know that Slew isn't going to die," he told a visitor. "I can't say now if he'll ever run again. It's going to take a long time for him to even get back on the racetrack. The last few days have been hell for everybody, but I hope the worst is finally over."

It was, and the best was yet to come. The history of sports is filled with extraordinary comebacks, but few in recent years have equaled that of Seattle Slew, who last Saturday afternoon at Belmont Park trounced Affirmed in the first meeting of two Triple Crown winners, the \$300,000 Marlboro Cup. No longer will the critics ask, "Who did he ever beat?"

IT'S SLEW, THAT'S WHO

In the showdown at Belmont between Triple Crown winners, Seattle Slew answered his critics with a wire-to-wire victory over Affirmed by WILLIAM LEQUEST

or dare suggest again that Slew was just "the best of a mediocre crop."

When Seattle Slew rolled home three lengths in front of Affirmed, the crowd of 40,880 at Belmont seemed stunned. Slew had jumped off to an early lead and widened it going down the backstretch in the 1 1/4-mile race. During the early running he appeared to be just a horse out on the lead with a very long way to go. Slew ran the first quarter of a mile in 24 seconds, with Affirmed second, two lengths back, then went the half in :47. Slow time. Very slow. Slew hit the three-quarters in 1:10 1/2 with Affirmed still 2 1/2 lengths behind. As Slew swung into the stretch, he went very wide, opening what seemed to be a gaping hole for Affirmed to run through, and for an instant it appeared

that Affirmed was indeed going to make his move. But then Slew flew. His dark bay coat glistening in the late afternoon gloom, Slew sizzled through the stretch, crossing the finish line an easy winner in 1:45 1/2, only 3/4 of a second off the track record set five years before by Secretariat. Affirmed was five lengths ahead of the third horse, Nasty And Bold.

As far back as May of this year, Slew's owners—Dr. Hill, his wife Sally and Mickey and Karen Taylor—had declared that the one race they wanted to win more than any other in 1978 was the Marlboro Cup. But there were times when it appeared doubtful Slew would even get to the race. Then, after winning a couple of allowance races in May and August, Slew ran in the \$160,500 Pat-

ervon Handicap at the Meadowlands just 11 days before the Marlboro, and lost by a neck to a little-known speedster named Dr. Patches. The defeat was only the second in 13 starts for Slew, but it was his biggest test in 14 months.

The track at the Meadowlands wasn't to Slew's liking the evening of the Paterson, and Slew was giving Dr. Patches 14 pounds. Upon dismounting, jockey Jean Cruguet claimed that Slew was "a short horse" and would not be able to seriously challenge Affirmed in the Marlboro. Cruguet, the only rider Slew had ever had, also maintained that Slew should not have run in the Paterson and that he had pleaded with the owners not to start him. But the rider of Dr. Patches, Angel Cordero, saw the race in a far different light. "I thought that Slew ran a great race," Cordero said. "Yes, he got beat, but not by much."

Dr. Patches has a fairly impressive record. In June he lost to Forego by a neck at Belmont at even weights. In July at Hollywood Park, with Cordero riding him in the Citation Handicap, he lost by only three-quarters of a length to Effervescent, one of the best horses on the Coast this year. Then in August Dr. Patches easily won an allowance race at Saratoga by running six furlongs in 1:08½. "Since Seattle Slew was giving away 14 pounds, it didn't shock me that Dr. Patches beat him," Cordero said.

When Slew's owners read Cruguet's remarks about their horse, they bristled, as did trainer Doug Peterson. Cruguet was dropped for the Marlboro and Cordero hired. "When Jean said what he said it proved to us that he didn't have any confidence in Slew," Mickey Taylor said. "We didn't want a jockey on our horse who didn't believe in him. It was as simple as that. Angel has ridden for our stable before and he's ridden against Slew and watched his races. He's got confidence in him and so do we."

Three days before the race, Cordero worked Slew for the first time. The workout was recorded as four furlongs in 49½, not brilliant by any standards and certainly not for Slew, who has been known to break watches in the morning. In truth, Slew had galloped out five furlongs in 1:01, and his camp could not have been happier.

"Slew is right where we want him to be," Mickey Taylor said. "He'll run his race. There is one thing you have to re-

member about Slew—he loves Belmont Park. It's his racetrack. He has never lost at Belmont."

The Marlboro, however, had a very tough field. Affirmed was there, and no one has ever asked, "Who did Affirmed ever beat?" In fact, his only loss in nine 1978 starts was his controversial disqualification in the Travers Stakes at Saratoga, in which Alydar was declared the winner. But Affirmed was not the only star entered at Belmont. Nasty And Bold, Upper Nile and Cox's Ridge had accounted for the three legs of New York's Handicap Triple Crown—the Metropolitan, Suburban and Brooklyn. Sensitive Prince was also entered, and the Prince had run Affirmed to a desperate half-length win in the Jim Dandy at Saratoga before the Travers and then had come back to win the Jerome at Belmont.

But, when Sensitive Prince was scratched on Saturday morning because of an inflamed jaw, the real speed left in the race belonged to Seattle Slew. And Slew did not have to worry about the late-closing Alydar, who went out of the race early in the week with a foot injury.

In the paddock a half hour before the start, Phil Johnson, the trainer of Nasty

And Bold, said, "With Sensitive Prince out, it has to help Slew. Most of the races today have been won by horses that have gotten on the lead early. If Slew can get away he'll be tough. When he's out in front he's hard to run down."

Affirmed had worked to the race perfectly, but once it started he was no match for Slew. The 3-year-old got away in perfect order, but fell back, and Steve Cauthen could not get him any closer. "Affirmed ran a good race," Cauthen said, "but he just couldn't cut into Slew's lead. I thought at the top of the stretch that I might get to him, but Cordero just let him out a little bit and we couldn't pick up ground. They are two great horses, and today Slew was better. I don't know if it would be the same if they ran again or not."

When Slew was brought back to the winner's enclosure, his flashing eyes reflecting his competitiveness, Cordero kept holding up an index finger to the crowd to show that Slew was No. 1.

"I knew when we were able to go to the lead that we could win it," Cordero said. "Slew is such a nice horse and I was able to relax him on the backstretch. There isn't a horse in the world that could have beaten him today."

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KUEBMEIER



Angel Cordero, who beat Slew 11 days earlier on Dr. Patches, knew who was No. 1 last Saturday.

SEEING AIN'T BELIEVING

The Yankee players continued to amaze even themselves as their record surge carried them past the Red Sox and into first place **by LARRY KEITH**

DEAR BILLY,

I guess you've heard what's been going on with the Yankees since you left. It looks like we're going to win without you. Boston came in to the Stadium last week, and we gave it to them again, beat them twice, 4-0 and 3-2. From the scores you can tell it wasn't like the four games up in Fenway the week before. This time we didn't get as many runs, and they didn't make as many errors, but in a way these games were runaways, too. Their fight, their heart seemed to be missing. We had gone into first on Wednesday, when we beat Detroit and they lost to Cleveland. Yeah, Billy, they got beat by the Indians—lost to them twice, in fact.

They could have stayed on top if they had swept in Cleveland, but they didn't. I probably should say they couldn't. Maybe Rick Burleson said it best: "It's almost impossible for us to win a game."

Me and the other guys can't hardly believe it, but all of a sudden we think it's almost impossible for us to lose. It's the most exciting thing that's ever happened to any of us. Guidry pitched a two-hitter in the opener against Boston on Friday night. He's 22-2 now with a 1.71 ERA, so no one gets very excited about it any more when he blows somebody down. Just give him the Cy Young, and maybe the MVP, too, and let him go back

home to Louisiana. But Catfish. You wouldn't believe Catfish. After Remy had singled, Ruce took Catfish way out to the opposite field in the first inning on Saturday afternoon, and that was it. He shut the Red Sox out the rest of the way and struck out eight, his high for the season. He's now won eight of his last 10. You remember that game up in Boston in June when he gave up those two home runs to Boomer Scott and Freddie Lynn? He said that he couldn't pitch again, that his arm hurt too bad. I figure we owe Dr. Cowen a full share for getting those adhesions out of Cat's shoulder.

Oh, I forgot to tell you how we came back on Saturday. Actually, you probably don't want to hear how we did it, but here it is: Reggie made it 2-1 in the first with a single and then tied it with a homer in the fifth. Look, Billy, I know how you feel, but give the guy credit.



Gray Nettles, whose career batting average is .249, has shortened his stroke—sometimes—and hit .327 since the Yankees comeback began in mid July.

He's hit .317 since you left. In fact, he may be hitting .317 because you left. He says you made life miserable for him. Yeah, I know, the feeling is mutual. Well, at least you'll be happy to know that Reggie didn't drive in all the runs. We won in the ninth when Rivers tripled and Thurman drove him in. It was a heck of a game. Nobody made an error, and Torres pitched just as tough for them as Cat did for us. If they'd won, they probably would've gotten a big lift, and we would've had all we could handle the rest of the way. As it was, the win put us $3\frac{1}{2}$ in front, and, Billy, I'd guess this game might have done it for us. It didn't even seem to matter when we finally lost one to the Sox, 7-3, the next day.

You know that Thurman's catching again, don't you? That rightfield experiment ended right after you left. That's when Bob Lemon put Reggie back in right. I haven't even mentioned Lem, have I? He's done a super job of managing, of keeping things quiet and on the right track around here. One of the writers said, "He has stilled the tumult, quieted the chaos and soft-stroked the Yankees into first place." Yeah, I know, you don't like writers either.

I think I've figured out why Al Rosen told ol' George—incidentally, Steinbrenner's kept his mouth pretty much shut since you've left, so you can see how quiet it's gotten around here—to hire Lem. Kansas City fired him in 1972 because he was 52 and they thought he was too old. Then the White Sox canned him this year because they didn't think he was colorful enough. So, don't you see, that's why we hired him—to get some quiet maturity. No offense, Billy.

I know I don't have to tell you that some people are saying we wouldn't be where we are right now, making the greatest comeback in the history of the American League, if Lem hadn't replaced you. One guy—and it's not Reggie—says that, before he signs another contract, he wants to know if you are really coming back in 1980.

But I think all of that is kind of unfair. A lot of people forget that the streak really started when we won the last five games you managed. Remember? We were 14 games out on July 19, and Figueroa and Guidry pitched back-to-back shutouts against the Twins. Since then,

continued



Since becoming manager, Bob Lemon has used a set lineup in guiding New York to a 43-16 record

K.C. SHOWS ITS K.O. PUNCH



After Hrabosky threw at him, Bostock charged the mound—only to end up at the bottom of this pile.

As the Yankees beat up on the Red Sox for the second weekend in a row and moved in to a semi-comfortable lead in the American League East, who should be singing ahead in the West but New York's staunch playoff antagonists of the past two autumns, the Kansas City Royals.

Only two weeks ago, when Kansas City played second-place California in Anaheim Stadium, the Royals seemed about to pull an et foldio worthy of the Red Sox. After holding the Western Division lead almost without interruption since July 17, K.C. dropped three of the four games, and it appeared that Angel owner Gisee Aury's \$7.5-million investment in free agents over the past two years finally was about to pay off. California trailed by only half a game as last week began, and like the Yankees the Angels seemed to have the upper hand as they looked ahead to another weekend of head-to-head combat, this time in Kansas City.

When the Angels got to K.C., they found themselves in a battle—which would include a couple of bench-emptying skirmishes over knockdown pitches—all right, but it was for their very lives. California fell into such desperate straits mainly because of what had happened a few days earlier: during a four-game interlude in Texas, the Angels had lost three times. Even the Yankees probably could not have won the opener against the Rangers, because Ferguson Jenkins pitched a three-hit, 1-0 shutout. But California had only its ace pitchers, Starter Frank Tanana and reliever Dave LaRoche, to blame for the ensuing defeats. They each blew leads as the Angels lost 7-5 and 6-4.

It hardly mattered that California scored 13 runs in the ninth inning—a major league record—to win the Texas finale 16-1 and break a nine-game Arlington Stadium losing streak. That night the Royals, who had returned to their beloved, carpeted park where

they have won 51 of 73 games, blew away Oakland for the fourth straight time. With complete-game performances from Pitchers Marty Pinin, Larry Gura and Paul Splittorf, and eight hits from Ames Otis, who continued a 16-game tear during which he batted almost .500, K.C. outlit the A's 45-20 and outscored them 29-5.

Otis stayed hot both with his bat and under the collar Friday evening against the Angels. When Nolan Ryan buzzed Otis' face with a fastball, Ames began a stroll toward the mound that brought both squads onto the diamond, but no punches were thrown. Otis, for one, saved his sock for the seventh inning, when he crashed a game-tying home run. The Royals went on to win 3-2 on Clint Hurdle's ninth-inning pinch triple and an opposite-field single by Pete LaCock, the former bench warmer who has become a Kansas City star by hitting .301 while platooning at first base. The win gave K.C. a 4½-game lead in the standings and a six-game bulge in the loss column.

The Angels broke Kansas City's five-game winning streak 4-3 Saturday when rookie Carey Lawford belted a three-run, eighth-inning homer off Royal reliever Al Hrabosky. That riot set the scene for another round of bench-clearing as the maddened Mad Hungarian tears threw over the head of California's next batter, Lyman Bostock. This time there was fighting—and, moments later, ejections—but the only injury was to the Royals' Jerry Terrell, who claimed that his little finger was bitten, and bloodied, by California's Ron Jackson.

The Royals got their teeth into Tanana early on Sunday when Frank White and George Brett eluded third-inning homers. Those blows set Kansas City off to a 5-0 victory that made an 18-game winner of Dennis Leonard and an almost certain three-time division champ of K.C.

Bring on those Yankees.

DEAR BILLY *continued*

we're 43-16. Of course, if the Red Sox had played .500 ball since then, they'd still be in first place, by one game. But that's their problem.

Lem has a pretty good answer when somebody asks him about the streak. He says, "The main reason we've won is that we haven't had as many injuries. I'm no Oral Roberts. I didn't touch them and make them all get well."

I know it was pretty upsetting to you not to have Rivers and Randolph at the top of the order. And, let's face it, Brian Doyle and Damaso Garcia isn't quite the same double-play combination as Dent and Randolph. Let me put it another way: of our first 89 games, Mickey missed 20 and Willie 23. Since then they've missed only seven between them. They've both hit better than .300 since July 19. In fact, the only regulars who haven't are Chambliss and Dent. The starting lineup batted .302 during the streak. And the staff's ERA is 2.61. I can just see you drooling over those numbers.

Here's another tipoff on how well we've been doing since July 19: we've increased our scoring without increasing our home runs. Chambliss and Nettles have hit back-to-back homers twice, but basically it's been three, four, five hits in an inning. During the series in Fenway two weeks ago—they're calling it the Boston Massacre—we had 67 hits and 56 of them were singles.

And remember how teams used to go into the stands trying to find a left-hander to pitch against us? Well, it doesn't work any more. Before the streak started, we were 22-22 against lefties. Since then we're 24-5. One of the main reasons is Nettles. You remember how Cussey used to say, "You can look it up." Well, I did, and coming into this year Nettles was a .249 lifetime hitter. But since July 19, he's batted .327, and his average for the season is up to .277. I asked him about it the other day, and he says he's only taking his uppercut, home-run swing when he feels strong. The other times he's swinging just to make contact. He says he wishes he had thought of that 10 years ago. He's been feeling strong a lot lately, though. He had two homers against Detroit last Thursday night, and another against the Red Sox on Friday. He's got 26 now. He might be the MVP of the streak, except everybody else has been doing so great that you can't pick an MVP. It's been one of those team efforts you always talked about.

continued

CANADA WHISKY—A BLEND—90 PROOF—IMPORTED AND
BOTTLED BY F. & W. WINDSOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The smooth Canadian.

This Canadian has a reputation for smoothness. So you won't catch him drinking anything less than the smoothest whisky around.

Windsor. A whisky made with glacier fed spring water and aged in the clear, clean air of the Canadian Rockies.



Try Windsor. It's got a reputation for smoothness.



America he

The
Che



driven it to the top.

New
vrolet.



The New

If you're in the market for a new full-size car, we have two words of advice for you:

Caprice. And Impala. Known collectively as "The New Chevrolet."

The New Chevrolet is a car for today.

Yet it retains the kind of room, ride and comfort you've always sought in a full-size car.

It is trim and lean on the outside, yet wonderfully spacious within. It is agile in city traffic, yet smooth and quiet on the road.

It is thoroughly enjoyable to look at, to ride in, to drive, and to own.

More head room, etc.

The New Chevrolet arrived on the scene two years ago with more head room, more rear-seat leg room, more trunk room, more ease of entry and exit, more maneuverability in city traffic, and more corrosion-resistant treatments than the larger 1976 full-size Chevrolet it replaced.



Shown: 1979 Caprice in Silver



Chevrolet.

With all that going for it, our whole new car quickly attracted a whole flock of buyers. Enough, in fact, to become America's best-selling car during its very first year on the market.

A proven car.

The New Chevrolet is far and away the most popular car in America today.

And it's still one of the newest new cars around. Crisp, contemporary, full of new ideas—all proven in the hands of more than a million owners.

That's a track record not many cars can match.

If this is your year for a new full-size car, see your Chevy dealer. Talk to him about buying or leasing the car America has driven to the top. The New Chevrolet. Available as a Caprice or Impala. In your choice of Sedan, Coupe or Wagon.

Chevrolet

You'll love it.

Classic Custom Two-Tone.

Belair... all the way to fresh!

Enjoy the only low
tar cigarette with just
the right touch of menthol.
Never heavy. Never harsh.
Belair...the taste
is pure fresh!



Double coupons, too!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

I hate to be the one to tell you this, Billy, but they ought to give some kind of award to Lem, too. He's not just benefiting from everybody's good health. He's got Willie and Mickey stealing whenever they want, and Thurman and Piniella playing hit-and-run whenever they want. It seems to have made the whole team more aggressive. You wouldn't believe the way guys are taking the extra base. He's left the pitching pretty much to your buddy Art Fowler and to Clyde King. I'd say that's kind of nice, considering that Lem's a Hall of Fame pitcher himself. King, by the way, has done a good job with young Jim Beattie. Remember back in June when he lost to Boston and ol' George ran him back down to the minors the same night? The poor kid left with tears in his eyes, but he came back throwing bullets. He beat Detroit 7-3 the other night in the game that put us in first place.

As for Figueroa, I don't guess he's tried very hard to get in touch with you, has he? He's very happy now that Lem has him pitching every fourth day, and he's even happier that Lem isn't bugging him the way he says you used to. To hear Figgy tell it, you would "come to the mound late in the game and start messing up my mind." Whatever the cause, he's 10-2 in our streak.

I'm trying to think of the best way to explain how Lem manages. One of the guys on the bench complains that he'd like to have you back because you get on umpires more and make more moves in a game, but I think he's missing the difference in your two philosophies. Lem says he hasn't been thrown out of more than five games in five years as a manager, and that most of the time it's happened when he's tried to keep one of his players from getting the thumb. Lem just doesn't try to control a game as much as you do. He says a teammate in Cleveland once told him, "Baseball was made for kids, and grown-ups only screw it up." I guess that pretty much sums up how he operates. He hasn't screwed anything up. He's just going with a set lineup: Heck, the best hitters on the bench—Jim Spencer, Gary Thomson and Jay Johnstone—have only gotten out a total of 43 times the last month. No, Lem says he likes to see the lineup that won the World Series out there. But it isn't exactly the same bunch, because Roy White was a non-person then, and now he's playing all the

time as either the DH or the leftfielder.

It's kind of ironic about Roy. He's a lot happier now, even though Lem fined him and Rovers for being late to the ball park in Seattle one night. It was the first time Roy'd been fined in his 12 years as a Yankee, and I figure Lem did it mainly to show he can't be taken advantage of.

Oh, Billy, here's one you'll like that's been going around the clubhouse. You know how every time one of the writers tries to ask Thurman a question he brushes the guy off by saying, "I'm just glad to be here"? Well, he was taken to the hospital the other night because he felt dizzy and had a headache. It was probably the aftermath of having been beamed in Boston. Some of the guys claim that when the doctor asked Thurman how he felt, he said, "I'm just glad to be here." Anyway, they did something called a brain scan and found nothing.

Speaking of writers, they're still bugging us. I thought the New York papers were supposed to be on strike. Now the same guys are working for some makeshift papers that've come out while the regular ones are shut down. Anyway, the reporters' favorite question used to be, "Can you catch the Red Sox?" We got pretty good at giving them the line that goes: "If everyone stays healthy and if we get some help from the other teams and if we take advantage of our remaining games with Boston, yeah, we probably can." Not many of us really believed it, but we said it anyway. It's like Piniella admitted, "We were flat out of it. Optimism can only take a team so far."

Now that we've gone ahead, the writers are asking what we think about it. Well, I've got to give Nettles credit for originality, because the other day he must have gotten tired of saying that it isn't over yet and that Boston can still come back. He told a reporter, "Frankly, I'm more surprised than I am happy."

I think Graig is going to get that happy feeling pretty soon, though. I think we all are. Lem told his wife on the phone after we beat Boston on Saturday that it's been a lot of fun the last eight weeks. "Even better than sex" is how he put it.

Well, Billy, I've got to go now. If you're interested in coming to the Series just let me know. I'm sure the guys will be happy to see you. Most of them anyway. It's been a great comeback. Sorry you missed it.

Sincerely,
ONE OF THE GUYS

SWING INTO THINGS.

TAKE HOME A People THIS WEEK. EVERY WEEK!

PENN STATE STATES ITS CASE

The Lions have never been selected No. 1. Not once. They mean to change that, as Ohio State just found out

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The game is called "We're No. 1," and it is played with wild-eyed fervor in such football boomtowns as Tuscaloosa, Norman and Fayetteville. It is also played in the town of State College, Pa., but mostly with a grain of salt. State College is the home of Penn State, which wouldn't mind being called No. 1, but you'd probably have to say please. Its fans, who have not yet had the pleasure, got worked up a few years ago when President Richard Nixon, the famous post-game interlocutor, dropped in to the Texas Longhorns' locker room to declare them No. 1 in the country after a victory over Arkansas. At the time, Penn State was just as undefeated as Texas. State fans thought that was a little tricky. Otherwise, they have not been pushy.

Times change, however.

Here is Penn State getting ready for last week's stunning 19-0 rout of Ohio State. It is to be a victory so convincing, so gorged with promise and performance, that if you were to mention his team in the same breath with, well, Alabama and Oklahoma this week, Coach Joe Paterno probably would not make much of a fuss.

It is Tuesday and Paterno has made a 7 a.m. breakfast date at The Corner Room restaurant at the junction of Allen and College in downtown State College. He says he never has trouble eating be-

fore a game the way many coaches do, no matter the size of the contest. At least not since he was an assistant coach in the '60s and "didn't know what I was doing."

He says The Corner Room used to be a hangout for Penn State coaches, a terrific place to rub elbows with university professors who congregated daily in the ancient booths. Forking open the yolk of his eggs-over, he says he does not lose sleep or make himself sick on cigars at endless staff meetings as the big day nears, either. By and large, he says, the Penn State coaching staff has always been a soft-drinking, light-smoking, easy-riding bunch that worked hard but did not forget that there is life outside the confines of a gridiron.

Paterno says he will take work home in the evenings, however. He had done so the night before and was immediately swarmed by the five Paterno children, as is their custom. Eventually he made it into his den to "doodle" over Ohio State. There, surrounded not by trophies or portraits of himself but by volumes of Homer, Descartes and Thomas Aquinas, and accompanied in stereo by a Verdi opera ("I prefer the Italians, of course"), he went to work. And was asleep in the

La-Z-Boy before 11. He says it is his regular routine.

Paterno is famous for taking the game of football rationally. His players go to class (94% of them graduate) and are encouraged to have fun playing. This approach attracts a lot of interested and interesting athletes. On this year's team, for example, is Mr. Zedrick Elam, called "Z" by his teammates. Elam is a 28-year-old ex-New York cabdriver who "walked on." He never gets to put on a uniform for a game and never makes a trip, but "Z" is an all-league storyteller and fun-developer and serves himself up for practice punishments every day. Another is 5'9", 167-pound Tom (Scrap Iron) Bradley, who has been walking on for four years and finally earned a scholarship grant. The Penn State kicking unit on which Bradley makes most of his game appearances is now called the Scrap Pack.

Unfortunately for Paterno, the team also includes gifted non-walkers-on like Quarterback Chuck Fusina, "the best pure passer Penn State ever had"; Matt Millen and Bruce Clark, "maybe the best pair of defensive tackles in the country"; All-America Tackle Keith Dorney; "ubiquitous" Linebacker Lance Mehl; "implacable" Placekicker Matt Bahr et al. "Unfortunately" because Paterno makes these evaluations himself, and his fans are not loath to listen and mark them down.

"Any pressure I have," Paterno says, dipping into the eggs with a wedge of

continued

Whether operating at quarterback or receiver, Rod Geraht was held in check here by Bruce Clark.





Peta Harris, Franco's brother, picked off a pair of Ohio State passes. Each time he had runbacks of 33 yards and each time a 30-yard field goal resulted.

PENN STATE continued



Freshman Art Schlichter came out throwing

toast, "is self-inflicted. I honestly don't feel any, but the fans think we've got a shot at No. 1 because I've been telling everybody around here that the university ought to be No. 1 in everything. The No. 1 library, the No. 1 English department. A couple years ago the secretary of the alumni association wrote a book about Penn State football and called it *Road to Number One*. Just before it was finished, he came to see me. He dropped dead right in my house."

Paterno shakes his head.

"I don't know what that means, if anything, but a lot of things have come together. We've been beefing up the schedule. Eastern football is better than people think, but it's also true we haven't always played enough of the best teams. We've got Alabama, Notre Dame and Nebraska, home-and-home, in 1981 and '82. This year we've got a representative

schedule and more talent than we've had since I've been here. We just haven't played up to it in plug-along victories, 10-7 over Temple and 26-10 over Rutgers. I don't blame the fans for being frustrated. We're not a good team yet.

"Last week I yelled at them a lot, because they weren't practicing well and they weren't playing up to their capabilities. Now we've got Ohio State, and I shouldn't have to yell. This is the fun game. This is the kind of game you win if you want to be No. 1. This is 88,000 people, and Woody Hayes, and the strategy and the preparation. I love it. I'm anxious to play it. But Woody and I won't be making any tackles."

Paterno laughs. He recalls a clinic he and Hayes attended a couple years ago.

"Two days in a row I noticed Woody



eating by himself in the restaurant. Each day I went over and sat with him, to be sociable. As soon as I sat down, he started lecturing me on what I was doing wrong."

Paterno's Dodge station wagon, modestly festooned with Penn State stickers, is the last to arrive at the Tuesday morning meeting in the Recreation Building. He takes a brief ribbing for being five minutes late. "The second time in 20 years," he protests.

Empty Coke bottles and coffee cups already clutter the tables, which are arranged in a T. Paterno occupies the top of the T, with a blackboard at his back. A matching pair of flytraps, covered with victims, hangs from the air-conditioning ducts, which leak. While the staff awaits new offices, meetings have to be held in make-do quarters at the 49-year-old Recreation Building.

Like most good football coaching staffs, Paterno's is a blend of vintages. There are cerebral young defensive coaches like John Rosenberg, a Harvard man with a Masters in psychology, and stringy 24-year veterans like J. T. White, of a type commonly known as "a field coach." While White's clattering voice covers the area, Bob Phillips' is seldom raised in coaching the quarterbacks.

As a group, they are a study in orchestrated compromise. Articulate Book-

continued



Joe Paterno says Penn State should be No. 1 in everything, and he's doing his bit in football.

Matt Bahr plays defense in the NASL, but his kicking added up to 13 points in Columbus.





Ohio State rushed for 89 yards, passed for 247 and failed to score. Woody must be wondering

Matt Suhay, who nearly was a Buckeye, ran for 96 yards and booted in to score the only TD

Chuck Fuqua threw for 148 yards and had a pass intercepted. Ohio State topped that by four



er Brooks could, says Paterno, provide 60 reasons for throwing 60 passes a game to the receivers he coaches if you let him. Jerry Sandusky is an intense scholar of defenses who is so animated that Paterno says he sometimes withholds his own criticisms lest Jerry take it personally. Dick Anderson, a firebrand, agonizes over the failures of his offensive linemen but he is subjected to Paterno's sniping encouragement. When Anderson is too long in the shower, Paterno will stick his head in and shout, "What are you doing in there, Dick? Stashing your wivrs?"

Unlike some staffs, this one is close socially, its members regulars at Paterno's table, and they are free and candid in debate. "Sometimes I wish I had a guy who could just go out and get things done, no questions asked," says Paterno, laughing. "Like the Mafia." They have one common enemy, time. The time they have with their players before a big game. They sort it carefully and spend it according to the exigencies like a band of misers in a common counting house—beg a minute here, borrow a minute there. Paterno, however, makes the final disbursement.

The terminology of the meeting is, in itself, a potpourri of compressed time-saving phrases: receivers are not tight ends, wide receivers and flankers, they are "X," "Y" and "Z." The middle guard is "Mike," the weakside linebacker "Wilkie." Paterno recalls spending half a day with an assistant trying to find a name for the outside linebacker. Only when interrupted by a call from a local pizza parlor did they come up with it: "Fritz," after the proprietor.

The meeting breaks into groups, the groups into strategy sessions. They sift through offenses and defenses, filing and discarding, still one more shakedown in search of the best combinations. Favorites are logged: "25 Squeeze, 89 Switch, 86 Squirrel," and "Pass 37-Z-Post, Scatter 87, 71 Prevent Screen Short."

Stranagems for Ohio State actually began to take shape last spring. "By this summer we already had our game plan," says Paterno. Against Rutgers and Temple, Paterno held back almost two-thirds of his passing attack. He was not able to shield as much of the running game because it had been so spotty.

Injuries, ever lurking, make a late but significant incursion into the game plan.

continued

TIRE FAILURE KILLS

He'd be alive today if he'd had Stop-A-Flat



Tires equipped with Stop-A-Flat Puncture Sealer are "flat-proof." They're invulnerable to punctures by any object of up to 1/4 inch in diameter, and they're immune to any air leakage — like the kind that can result in sudden and disastrous tire failure. Stop-A-Flat has been proven so effective, it's guaranteed for the legal life of the tire. Isn't your safety worth it?

stopaflat

PUNCTURE SEALER It's a life saver

For the new car dealer nearest you call toll free 800-523-2436.

A DIVISION OF CHALFONT INDUSTRIES INC.

Take a secretary to lunch.



For your next business meeting or business lunch, take along Rolfs Executive Secretary or Appointment Secretary. They both feature note pad, pen, extra pockets for business papers, and come in a variety of Rolfs famous quality leathers. The smaller Appointment Secretary also offers a handy flip-up file. So don't go to lunch without taking along an attractive secretary. One with the name Rolfs.

ROLFS . . . it shows you care.

West Bend, WI 53095 Available at fine stores throughout the USA and Canada

Dorney, the All-America tackle, has a hip pointer and may not play. Irv Pankey, a tackle previously moved to tight end, is moved back to tackle, with John Scovill replacing him at tight end. Scovill thus becomes that rarest of animals: a walk-on preparing to start in a major-college game. "Last spring he was minding his own business, kicking and trying to play some split end, and now he may start against Ohio State," says Paterno. "It's interesting." Scovill, at 200 pounds, is small for a tight end.

Speculation surfaces once more as to the likelihood that Woody Hayes will start freshman Quarterback Art Schlachter (shlee-ster) in place of senior Rod Gerauld. It had become a rumor when word got around that Hayes had locked the gates at the beginning of fall practice. The Penn State staff knows Schlachter well. He was highly sought as a record-setting 6-3, 190-pound high-schooler in Bloomingburg, Ohio. He almost signed with Penn State.

"The report is that Schlachter and Gerauld will be in the same backfield," says a Penn State assistant.

"That can only mean a double-quarterback sneak," says another, drawing a laugh.

"I don't think Woody is interested in becoming ringmaster for an aerial circus at this stage of his career."

"Now."

Paterno says that, indeed, it did not seem consistent with Hayes, but that Schlachter was an exceptional prospect, and if Woody ever had it in mind to do with the youngster he might best do it now and get a whole season out of him. "Tell you the truth, I'd rather he did," Paterno says. "Gerald might not throw well upfield, but he has the quickest feet I've ever seen. If he's going to play, I'd rather see him at flanker. I don't think he can hurt us as much there. And the other guy, as good as he is, is still a freshman."

Sandusky is convinced that Ohio State cannot consistently block the Penn State tackles, Millen and Clark, and that the Buckeye running game, weaker at fullback and tackle than in the past, will not go. But doubts plague him as a result of watching practice films.

"You torture yourself with these things," says Paterno. "It's the modern way and all that, but I think you get a better feel at practice by what you see first

hand. You can sense things. You watch those films and you start having second thoughts. I quit watching 'em."

The business of pursuing No. 1 status is expressed in many ways at College Station. A song, *Li-qui-dare Ohio State*, is playing regularly on local radio. It is a steal from Michigan, however. So are the rolls of toilet paper with Woody Hayes' image on every two-ply sheet. They are stacked in a pyramid at a local grocery and sell for \$2 a pop.

On Monday, a columnist for *The Daily Collegian*, apparently miffed by Paterno's testiness after the Rutgers game, charged the coach with folding under pressure and likened him to Genghis Khan, Napoleon and Idi Amin. Not only that, he called him a "lousy interview." Those among the legions of local Paterno admirers ripped back two days later in the letters-to-the-editor column. Paterno let it all pass, except to say, "I always got along well with those fellows."

At dinner Wednesday night, Fusina and his roommate, Middle Guard Tony Petraccio, speculate how the columnist would get along with Woody Hayes if he thinks the mild-mannered Paterno is rough. Both Fusina and Petraccio were recruited by Ohio State.

"Hayes had me and a Puerto Rican guy in at the same time," says Petraccio. "I thought I was doing O.K., but when I was getting ready to leave he put his arm on my shoulder and said, 'Well, Chico, I'm glad you could make it.' I knew then I wasn't interested in Ohio State."

"Better be careful. Woody hears you say that and he'll hit you."

"He doesn't hit anybody unless he's losing."

"I hope he hits a lot of guys Saturday."

Alone in the training room, Matt Millen and Bruce Clark finish their evening weight-lifting routine and try to catch the tail end of a John Wayne movie on the television set there. They had come to Penn State two years ago as linebackers, high school rivals who "hated each other," Clark says, then had been made tackles together and their weight started to soar. They are now around 260 each and fast friends.

"Salt and pepper," says Millen. He is white. Clark is black.

"Now we compete to see who gets the

most sacks, the most tackles, anything. It's great," says Clark.

"Only real difference is that I go crazy sometimes," Millen says. "Bruce keeps his cool. Sometimes when I think I've screwed up I really flip out. I did it at practice one day and Coach Sandusky told me to get off the field. I said I wouldn't go. I was steaming. Coach Paterno came over and said, 'O.K., just stay right there until you calm down. Don't move from that spot.'"

"I'm ready right now to hit somebody," says Clark. "I mean Ohio State Rutgers and Temple is one thing, you know? I mean, it's just not the same Ohio State? That's what it's all about."

"When I'm getting ready for a game like this, I never want to leave the practice field," says Millen. "When I get in the game, I won't want it to end."

"The national championship," says Clark.

"Definitely."

"And we're going to win."

"Definitely."

On Thursday, in his room deep in the bowels of the 63-year-old Phi Gamma Delta house, up the narrow stairwell and down a winding corridor, Fullback Matt Suhey says it is amazing how everybody in State College is into the game. He says a professor in one of his government courses had defined "lobbying" as "the kind of thing Woody Hayes and Joe Paterno did when they were trying to get Matt Suhey."

Suhey, the team's leading rusher, is the son of a former Penn State All-America guard and the grandson (on his mother's side) of Bob Higgins, one of its former coaches. He had been raised in State College and, therefore, is a qualified observer of the town's moods. But Suhey had been recruited by Ohio State and had almost selected the school. "When I came back home from Columbus the last time," he says, "I realized the difference. A five-minute walk."

Suhey kneads his hands nervously as he talks, leaning back on the used couch he recently purchased for \$6 at an auction. It is kept level at one end by scraps of wood under the legs.

"Now I'm going back there to play," he says, "I was in that stadium. To tell you the truth, it was scary."

At midweek the temperature in central Pennsylvania drops into the 50s and practice improves dramatically. By

continued

IMPORTER: CANADIAN WHISKY & BLEND • 40 PROOF • 80% A.C. DIST. CO., INC.

Wherever you go, it's making a splash. What's behind its super success? Super lightness, superb taste. If that's what you're looking for, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.

**LORD
CALVERT
CANADIAN**

*Canada's Whisky • A Blend
of choice matured whisky*

Follow the Canadian Superstar.



British taste/American price:
The two sides of Burnett's
White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD. • 80 & 86 PROOF.

Thursday, Paterno is convinced his team has turned around. "This is the first time I've felt this way. I can smell it," he says. "Every other Thursday I've walked off the field and thought, 'Boy, Temple better not be very good.'"

He has decided to go with Scovill at tight end and Pankey at tackle, and not risk Dorney until he has had more time to heal. "You practice as you play," he says. "I don't want these guys to work all week and then find out we don't have confidence in them. I think we'll be good enough either way. If things get tight during the game, we'll give 'em a quick course on the sideline, but I think they're going to be fine."

He cautions the staff to make the last practice day "as positive as you can. We'll make mistakes, but we don't want to get them nervous about themselves now."

He is pleased with the development of a new "scatter" formation, putting the tailback into a spread—or a slot—to take some of the pressure off Scovill at tight end and to allow for more consistent one-on-one coverage for Fusina when Ohio State does not adjust from its three-drop zone defense. "We'll throw a lot on first down," he says. "Show 'em a lot of formations, try to unsettle 'em. We're going to make them play our game."

Fran Ganter, a backfield coach, is going over a final reel of practice film. "I wish I had six more days," he says. "If you had six more days, you'd want six more," Paterno says. "I wish we were playing right now."

On Friday morning, as he leaves to scout a high school game, Booker Brooks receives a call from "an alumnus in Columbus." The alum says he talked with a girl friend of an Ohio State manager. He told her Rod Gerald had taken only seven snaps since fall practice started.

"It doesn't matter," says Sandusky on the plane to Columbus. "We're prepared either way. They're not going to jam it down our throats, and I don't think he [Hayes] will be happy throwing the ball, not if we can give 'em all the looks we plan to."

"How many is that?"

"Eight, with variations."

"It came together this week," says Paterno. "It'll take a good football team to beat us now. Penn State has that kind of history, getting better as we go along. Rip [Engle] never lost a team as the season

wore on. In 1964 we were one and four after five games, and then won our last five in a row."

The team checks into a motel outside Columbus. Paterno sees that they are given a nine o'clock snack and get into their rooms, then he joins a group of newsmen in a hospitality room to watch the Ali-Spinks fight.

When the fight is over, one of the newsmen asks Paterno how he scored it.

"Not until he sees the films," someone else says.

Paterno smiles a bit. "How do I know? The last fight I saw was Louis-Nova."

As he leaves, he is told, "If you think up an offense, Coach, call us." Paterno says he "enjoys being around newsmen."

Come day brings bloated skies and a steady rain and one last rumor.

Over a 10 a.m. team breakfast of pancakes, steak, home fries and fruit cup comes the news that neither Gerald nor Schlichter will start. That it will be a converted linebacker. Paterno says a guy who hates Woody had called him with this information. He laughs as he retells the story on the bus to the stadium.

But it is Schlichter, the freshman, who starts at quarterback. The usual huge Ohio State crowd—this one 88,202—cheers the announcement and his entrance. The rain has stopped. Schlichter passes on the very first play of the game, and then on the third, completing both. Ohio State works downfield. Then on Schlichter's fourth pass he is suddenly nose up in the jaws of a bewildering scaffold of double coverages. Pete Harris, the deepest Lion defender, steps in front of the intended receiver and intercepts. He returns the ball to the Ohio State 46.

It is the first of a nightmare series of eight turnovers for Ohio State. Though Schlichter is clearly a talented youngster, he is given unremitting pressure by Clark, Millen and Petruccio and, in the Penn State secondary, a suffocating array of coverages confronts the 18-year-old, linebacker Lance Mehl seems to be in six places at once, cluttering up Schlichter's view or sitting on Schlichter's shoulderblades.

Penn State gets a drive and a 30-yard Matt Bahr field goal out of the first turnover, and nurses the 3-0 lead through the half. Gerald, who replaces Schlichter at quarterback on some series and is a

split end on others, fumbles the ball away after one 46-yard completion to the Penn State 20. Then Schlichter is hit and loses one himself at the 41. Petruccio intercepts still another hurried throw at the Nittany Lion 32. But Penn State's offense is not able to convert these gifts into a single point.

At halftime Paterno's staff works quickly but with remarkable calm. Offensive and defensive squads get separate, short, incisive blackboard critiques. Gradually, Paterno allows the enthusiasm to rebuild.

When it is time to go back out, he says, "It's all yours now. All you have to do is finish the job. We're not going to sit on any three-point lead. We're going to play this baby like we were behind, like we are desperate."

"Before the game I told you I thought we were better. Now we know it. Right?"

"RIGHT!"

The second time they get the ball in the third quarter, the Nittany Lions drive 80 yards to the game's only touchdown, and it is no less than a finishing blow. The march consumes 13 plays—only one a pass—and almost six minutes, and is a bruising, painstaking work of art that establishes the superiority of the Penn State line and its running backs.

Subey is the cutting edge. He gets 43 of the 80 in eight carries, including the last one for three yards into the end zone, sliding outside off a cluster of minglers and diving in from the two. After that, Bahr kicks three more field goals, giving the sweeper for the Tulsa Roughnecks of the North American Soccer League eight in two games and nine of 11 for the year. Clark and Millen and Mehl and the others finish off the first shutout of the Buckeyes in an opening game in 76 years and only the 14th in Hayes' 27-year career at Columbus.

In the Penn State dressing room, Paterno climbs to a bench and spreads his arms and smiles broadly as his players shout, "We're No. 1!" He tells them it was a great job, but "only the first of a lot more. We're going to get better. So keep your feet on the ground."

At 8 p.m., when their feet get back on the ground, the Nittany Lions are met by 5,000 fans. The fans have waited two hours for the chance to tell them once more that they are No. 1.

Well, O.K. If you insist.

A hard catcher to nab

John Stearns of the Mets is plenty rugged behind the plate, but he is even tougher on the base paths, where he has set a National League "record," stealing 24 times

This kid lived in every neighborhood. He was short and chubby, and when it came time to play ball, there was only one position for him. "You catch, Butterball," the others would tell him. "Knock down the pitches, and if somebody tries to score, block the plate with your blubber." Even if he made it to the big leagues, the kid carried with him a nickname—such as Yogi—more suggestive of his low center of gravity than his skills.

There are still a lot of squat, lumbering catchers in the majors, but no longer do men matching that description hold a monopoly on the position. Just look at last week's statistics. In the American League, Boston's Carlton Fisk, who is a well-proportioned 6' 2", 220 pounds, was battling for the league lead in doubles with 39. No catcher has ever led his league in this category. And in the National League, John Stearns of the Mets was basking in the afterglow of his 24th

stolen base, the most ever by a National League catcher.

Of the two, Stearns' accomplishment is the more notable, because doubles are as much a result of power as of speed. But catchers—even today's sleeker, faster ones—do not customarily steal bases. What makes Stearns' feat all the more remarkable is that he was not given the go-ahead to steal on his own until the season was half over.

"I didn't want him to steal until there were two outs," says Mets Manager Joe Torre. "I don't like to give guys their head until they've proved what they can do." The contentious Stearns was not pleased. "We had some discussions—in some circles they are called arguments," says Torre. "But I stayed firm. I tend to be particularly tough on catchers, because I was one myself, and I thought he wasn't paying enough attention to his catching."

By July 13 Stearns had stolen eight

bases in two-out situations, and Torre reluctantly eased up on the reins. Stearns began stealing at the rate of a couple of bases a week, and on Sept. 7 he swiped his 24th in 31 attempts to break the unofficial modern "record" established 76 years ago by the Cubs' Johnny Kling. (Baseball does not keep a listing of stolen bases by position, but the game's historians have researched the matter thoroughly. Thus it is correct to say Stearns broke a record, though it is one that does not appear in the books.) Next year, health and Torre permitting, Stearns will take aim at the modern major league "record" of 30, set by Ray Schalk of the White Sox in 1916.

At six feet and 185 pounds, Stearns was big enough—and fast enough—to play defensive back for Colorado and be drafted in the 17th round by the Buffalo Bills. Stearns refuses to consider it a handicap that he does not have the whippet speed of some leamer players, such as Omar Moreno, Pittsburgh's league-leading base stealer.

"Stealing is basically getting the jump, not speed," he says. "You get the jump by knowing the count and the pitch to steal on. If a pitcher gets ahead on the count, there's more of a chance of a pitch-out or a high fastball waste pitch—the easiest kind for a catcher to throw you out on. If the pitcher's behind on the

count, you get a better pitch to go on. When I'm on base, I try to deke the pitcher. I make him throw to first and nonchalant it going back. I try to get there standing up. That way he'll be surprised when I steal. Meanwhile, I study his move home like a hawk. Does he tip it off here?"—he taps a visitor's shoulder—"or here?"—he pokes a knee. "As soon as I see the tip-off, I'm gone."

Stearns was not talking like a catcher, but then he was never supposed to be one. "I was an all-league shortstop at high school in Denver," he says. "During my senior year the catcher got kicked off the team, and the coach said, 'It's got to be you, John. You're the best athlete on the team.' Actually I caught little until my junior year in college, and

continued



Stearns' quickness is evident in his fielding, too, as he shows in getting out to field a bunt by Bob Denno's Lamp

Fall is a wonderful time for growing grass. You have warm sunny days and cool nights, just the kind of weather your grass likes best. Now if you give your lawn a good feeding it will put most of its effort into growing *underground* rather than aboveground.

It will send out side shoots called rhizomes through the soil that will start their own new grass plants. These will fill in bare spots and thicken up your lawn.

Your grass will generate new grass blades rising up out of the root crown, so your plants will become bushier.

Your grass will put down vigorous new roots to replace the old ones lost during

build sturdy plant tissues and make carbohydrate foodstuffs for use in the spring.

Feeding with Turf Builder now will give you a thicker, greener lawn. Then when spring comes your lawn will green up earlier and repair itself faster. (Spring is when your grass plants put a lot of energy into growing blades of grass rather than roots.) There isn't much work to it—just half an hour with your spreader for the average lawn. It may be the last thing you do for your lawn this year, aside from raking up the leaves, but it will do the most to keep it beautiful both before and after the cold.

Fall is the best time to use Turf Builder.[®] That's when your grass grows underground.

summer. This will give you a denser, tougher knitting-together of the sod.

All this activity demands the right kind of fertilizer and it may surprise you to know that the same Turf Builder[®] fertilizer you use in the spring is right for the fall, too. We've tested a lot of products that call themselves fall or winter fertilizers, but we haven't found any to be better than Turf Builder for improving lawns in the fall.

Turf Builder supplies the key element your lawn needs right now—nitrogen. It releases this nitrogen slowly over a 2-month period so that your grass keeps on growing and rooting out strongly. It doesn't just give you a spurt of growth and then stop cold. Your grass uses the nitrogen to





1979 Chevy Monza. More

The 1979 Chevy Monza. Besides giving you sporty looks at a reasonable price, the new Chevy Monza 2+2 also gives you a whole lot of standard features.

More Car.

New standard features for '79:
• Tinted glass • AM radio • Sport steering wheel • Shift console • Body side moldings

Sell standard

White stripe tires • Newly designed high back front bucket seats • Full wheel covers

• Cut pile carpeting • Four speed manual transmission • Front disc brakes • Five just-right bolts



STANDARD: Full Coil suspension system.

High-riding fender skirts • Door trim • Battery • Body by wire • Exhaust system



STANDARD: Shift console, four-speed transmission.

Transmission treatment • Cigarette lighter • And more.

Less Money.

And it's all for an amazingly low price that's actually less than what last year's Monza would have cost with the same going



STANDARD: White-stripe tires and wheel covers.



STANDARD: High-back bucket seats.



STANDARD: AM radio. Sport steering wheel. Brushed aluminum accents.



Monza 2+2 Hatchback. Sport comes with an extra.

ar, more kicks, less money.

—based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices

are Kicks.

It's one thing to look sporty. It's quite another to live up to it. That score, Monza excels. The Monza 2+2 is more kicks this

year with its expanded list of standard equipment, including a sport steering wheel, a radio and a shift console. More kicks with its new higher output standard 2.5 liter 4 cylinder engine for

available V6 or V8. Even more kicks with an upgraded level of quality in vinyl interior trim, and newly designed high back front bucket seats. This year, Chevy Monza just might redefine

your idea of what a sporty car should be.

So come on. Get behind the wheel of a new Chevy Monza, and get more car, more kicks for less money. Talk to your Chevy dealer about buying or leasing the new Chevy Monza.

Monza is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



STANDARD: Bumper rub strips, front and rear.



STANDARD: Tinted glass.



STANDARD: Wide hatch.



STANDARD: Body side moldings.



STANDARD: Fold-down rear seat.



BIG NEWS FROM THE LATEST WORD IN COPIERS.

Invent a better copier, and the world will heat a path to your doorstep. Even if your name isn't exactly a household word.

That's what the industry told us. And that's what we did. Tapped the full resources of our research and development center to create the biggest news in copiers today. The Mita MC-20.

It's no accident that Mita solved copier problems other companies couldn't. From the beginning, way back in 1934, we've devoted all our efforts to basic research on copying technology. Copiers, you see, are our only business. A business we understand so well, Mita copiers are used in more than 100 countries.

Why, then, haven't you heard of us?

Maybe it's because you're just beginning to look around for a better copier. A logical alternative to the big names you have heard of.

And maybe it's because we've been spending our money on technology, not advertising. So when we introduce a new copier like the MC-20, it's a copier that really makes news.

Read All About It!

Here's the scoop on the MC-20.

First, it works. And keeps on working. It's a plain paper copier designed to give you the low maintenance of electrostatic copiers. One that will keep your service calls to a minimum.

Next, it gets rid of dual element toners. No mixing. No

draining. No changing. The MC-20 uses a single element dry toner that's clean, simple, and efficient. When it's all used up, you just add more.

The MC-20 gives you consistent copy quality. Copies with dramatic, solid blacks. Clean, crisp whites. Excellent fine line and halftone reproduction.

And we even developed a special cold pressure fusing system that needs no warm-up time, so the MC-20 makes copies at the flip of a switch. You save electricity, too.

To keep your copier lines whittled down to size, the MC-20 delivers 20 copies per minute.

And to keep your copiers coming, the MC-20 paper travel path is virtually a straight line. That means less chance of jamming.

Now For the Good News.

You can see why the Mita MC-20 is big news.

Here's why it's good news. It costs a lot less than you'd think. And it keeps costs down, because it cuts down on downtime.

Best of all, it's news from a reliable source. Mita. We're big enough to sell copiers all over the world, but we're small enough to care about every copier we sell. And back our customers with service, 100%.

Why not get the whole story. Write Mita Copystar America, Inc., 158 River Road, Clifton, New Jersey 07014.

And you'll see why the latest word in copiers is a word you'll be hearing. More and more.



**MITA
COPISTAR**

I only caught them because scouts told me to."

The scouts obviously liked what they saw. In 1973 the Phillies made Stearns the No. 2 choice in the draft. "They gave me a good bonus—\$50,000-\$60,000—and you'd have thought they'd had sensible plans for me," Stearns says. "A realistic schedule would have been: 'A-ball the first year; Double-A or Triple-A the second; and the big leagues the third, if I was ready.'"

Instead, Stearns was, as he says, "jacked around," going from Double-A to A to Triple-A. In December of 1974, over the objections of Toledo Manager Jim Bunning, the Phillies sent Stearns to New York in a six-player deal involving the Mets' relief ace, Tug McGraw.

The Mets did not seem to have any clearer idea of what to do with Stearns than the Phillies had. Though voted the outstanding rookie in New York's 1975 spring camp, he played only 59 games with the Mets that season. "My game was hurting and they had me at backup catcher—at age 23," Stearns says disgustedly. Then, midway through the 1976 season, Stearns took his future into his own hands and asked to be sent back to the minors. The Mets agreed, and he hit .310 in the International League. Team officials were so pleased by his performance that they traded Jerry Grote, perhaps the best defensive catcher in baseball, to Los Angeles and turned the job over to Stearns for the 1977 season.

For once a Mets' decision did not backfire. Stearns is hitting better than most catchers (.269) and with some power (15 homers and 70 RBIs). His arm is respected, and for good reason: he has thrown out 40% of would-be stealers. Only Jim Sundberg of the Rangers has thrown out close to 50%. And Stearns may lead the league in true grit. On June 30, in the season's most resounding crash, Pittsburgh's 6' 5", 235-pound Dave Parker attempted to bowl over Stearns, who was blocking the plate with two out in the ninth and the Mets ahead by one run. Parker wound up with a broken cheekbone and spent 15 days on the disabled list. He still dons a football-type face mask every time he gets on base. After making the tag, Stearns flew 10 feet through the air, hung on to the ball and played the next night. No wonder his teammates call him Bad Dude.

His nickname reflects his cockiness and lack of tact as much as his physical

toughness. Last week, for example, a passed ball was called on Stearns. He turned around, hands on hips, and glared up at the official scorer in the press box. The next night Stearns glanced around the last-place Mets' clubhouse. A couple of dogs were chasing each other, knocking down chairs. An obscenity was scrawled on the blackboard. "What we need," growled Stearns, "is hitting, pitching and fielding."

Stearns can be equally rough-edged on the field. Behind the plate, he drops more balls than he should. At bat, he uses his body too much and his wrists too little. Even on the bases he sometimes acts as if he were blitzing the quarterback. He once tried to steal home with two outs and a two-strike count. "As a player, I'm just scratching the surface," he says.

Jerry Koosman, dean of what passes for the Mets' pitching staff, is more optimistic. "He's shown as much improvement as any catcher I've known," says Koosman, "especially in his aggressiveness and thinking. He still tries to catch pitches in the dirt instead of blocking them, and he sometimes replays his last at bat when he gets behind the plate instead of concentrating entirely on catching, but he's going to be a good catcher."

In the future, will catchers be more like the agile Stearns? "I don't think so," says Torre. "They may start off with speed, but their muscles get knotty as they get older." Stearns, in his contrary way, disagrees. "It's true that there aren't many of us who run well," he says. "The best are guys like Bench and Simmons, big strong men who can hit with power. But the game's always changing. As it evolves, why can't it evolve for the better?" He pauses, savoring the thought. "I can improve on the breed."

THE WEEK

(Sept. 10-16)

NL WEST The Yankee surge (page 26) has almost obscured the play of Los Angeles (7-0), the second-hottest team in baseball. The Dodgers, who have won 30 of their last 40, outdid themselves by shutting out four opponents. Burt Hooton beat San Francisco 8-0 and Bob Welch stopped Houston 6-0. The Dodgers then stumbled horribly—allowing one run in a victory over the Astros—before Don Sut-

ton shut out Atlanta 5-0 and Doug Rau and Terry Forster combined to beat Atlanta 2-0. At one point the staff had given up one earned run in 47 innings. Forster has allowed just three earned runs in his last 26 relief appearances. The hitters have kept pace, most notably Steve Garvey (.425 in his last 19 games). Indeed, it seems that every one of the Dodgers hits. Forster, who had a run-scoring single, is a .424 lifetime hitter. With their magic number down to five, the Dodgers are about to become the first team to clinch a divisional title. "I smell it," said Hooton.

Atlanta (3-4) Pitcher Jim Bouton won his first game since July 11, 1970, beating the Giants 4-1. Though Bouton gave up only three hits in six innings, San Francisco players reacted as if he were the Dodgers following Bouton's losing debut four days earlier. "It was a disgrace," said Bill Madlock. "I hope he's not around next year. If he is, I'll send up my little son to hit him. He was just a plain joke, gathering material for another book." In truth, the Giants were a disgrace, dropping six of seven, which all but eliminated their chances of catching the Dodgers, and arguing among themselves. The players held a clubhouse meeting and couldn't agree what was going wrong. The answer was just about everything. In one game Jack Clark and Art Gardner made base-running mistakes. In another, Vida Blue fired for the eighth time to win his 17th game. Nonetheless, the Giants clung to second place when Terry Whitfield's two-out, bases-loaded single clipped the Reds 3-2.

Cincinnati took four of seven, but Sparky Anderson admitted that he managed "like a butcher." His behavior wasn't much better. Anderson walked away from Umpire Doug Harvey telling him that he "had no belly." Anderson patted his stomach for emphasis. Not to be outdone, Harvey trotted 100 feet after Anderson and tapped him on the shoulder. "I want you to see this," Harvey said. "You're outta here." He added a gesture that everyone in the stadium could see.

The Padres (4-3) were winners on and off the field. They even held on to their celebrated KGB Chicken, entertainer Ted Ginnous, who turned down an \$85,000 offer from Atlanta owner Ted Turner. Padres owner Ray Kroc gave Ginnous a \$10,000 "signing bonus" for staying.

Houston's J. R. Richard beat San Diego 3-2 and 8-4, struck out 23 Padres and improved his league-leading strikeout total to 219. With three starts remaining, Richard should break Tom Seaver's National League record of 289. That, however, will only slightly alleviate Astro (2-5) frustrations. After watching a 25-foot bunt cost Houston a game, Manager Bill Virdon said, "Kind of sums up the way our year has gone on the road."

LA 91-58 SF 62-87 CIN 61-67
SD 77-73 HOU 68-80 ATL 65-84

continued

NL EAST More and more the race was pointing toward a season-ending series between Philadelphia (4-3) and Pittsburgh (5-2). Already they were squaring off—verbally. Knocking the Pittsburgh defense after the Pirates committed two errors, two misplays and two balks in a 10-3 loss to the Phillies, ex-Pirate now-Phillie Richie Hebner said, "They give you a lot of four-out innings, and that kills you." Countered Pirate Dave Parker, "Opinions are like rear ends: everybody's got one. Sure, defense is a big factor in baseball, but Pirate baseball ain't exciting unless we make a few mistakes."

Pittsburgh cut a game off Philadelphia's four-game lead with a vintage Pirate week. On Saturday they unloaded their heaviest barrage of the season, burying Montreal 12-5 with a 19-hit attack. Parker, as usual, was the big gun (four RBIs). But the biggest win of the week had occurred four days earlier when John Candelaria, who had thought arm troubles might end his season, beat the Phils 5-1 to begin a five-game win streak. Said Pittsburgh manager Chuck Tanner, "If I had to pick a pitcher to win a game when it meant my life, I'd pick John Candelaria." Said Candelaria, "I don't blame him."

Phillie play also inspired superlatives. "I saw it and I still don't believe it," said John Stearns of the Mets (3-3). He was referring to a homer Mike Schmidt hit to beat New York 2-1. "It was a low and away slider, and there are only two other players in the National League, Greg Luzinski and George Foster, who even have a chance to duplicate what Schmidt did. Nobody hits that kind of pitch that far."

Chicago's (2-4) Bobby Murcer was no less awe-inspiring, with eight consecutive hits. He has improved his hitting thanks to a late-season tip from old Yankee teammate Tony Kubek, who asked him why he had strayed from his Yankee stance. Murcer, who hadn't noticed, reverted to form.

The Cardinals (3-4) got the Cub jinx off their backs with two wins. Chicago had taken their previous 12 games. Utility man Mike Phillips figured in both wins, smacking a three-run homer to help win the first 6-2 and a go-ahead single in the following 4-1 victory. No less gratifying were two hits by prize rookie Terry Kennedy. Cub General Manager Bob Kennedy was especially delighted. He is Terry's father.

Montreal's (3-4) Ross Grimsley knew exactly why his 7½-winning perfect game was broken up. Grimsley's pregame ritual includes rubbing the nose of Utility Infielder Stan Pau. This time Grimsley forgot. Despite that disastrous oversight, he went on to beat the Cardinals 3-1.

PHIL 82-66 PIT 79-68 CH17-75
MON 70-80 ST 164-86 NY 81-88

AL WEST While California (3-4) and Kansas City (5-2) squared off for the divisional title (page 26), Texas (6-3) reviewed a lost season and looked to the future. Manager Billy Hunter should not be blamed, said Executive Vice-President Eddie Robinson, who again promised "substantial trades." One player who figures to stay is 34-year-old Ferguson Jenkins, who throttled California 1-0 and Oakland 8-1, running his record to 16-8. Jenkins beat the A's despite losing his precious glove. "Going to the mound without your gamer," he said, "is like Mario Andretti starting a race without his clutch."

The Oakland Tribune suggested that the Oakland Coliseum put up \$3 million to help local businesses acquire the A's and keep them in town. For their part, the A's (2-7) did little to encourage buyers. Manager Jack McKeon, who normally jacks pitchers at the first sign of weakness, inspired locker-room grumbling by allowing rookie John Henry Johnson to absorb a nine-run pounding in six innings. McKeon had the good sense, though, to leave in Alan Wirth, who shut out the Rangers 1-0, and Pete Broberg, who four-hit Texas 2-1.

Chicago had one of its infrequent winning weeks (5-1) and avoided an embarrassment. Since 1900 no major league team has gone a full season without winning an extra-inning game. After eight such losses the White Sox finally won one, scoring five runs in the 10th inning to beat Seattle 8-3. Francisco Barrera ended the week by stopping Seattle 9-1.

Minnesota (4-1) got two sparkling performances from ace Pitcher Dave Goltz, who beat Milwaukee by 3-1 and 5-2 scores. Predictable enough. Less expected were the heroics of little-used Catcher Glenn Borgmann, who helped Goltz win one game with a two-run homer and the next day had two hits and two runs.

Seattle lost four of five, all but assuring skipper Darrell Johnson of his first last-place finish in 30 years as a player, coach and manager. Even Shortstop Craig Reynolds, the lone Murriner in the All-Star Game, looked bad. Reynolds turned his back on White Sox runner Thad Bosley when he should have been faking Bosley back to third. Bosley kept running and scored the winning run as Reynolds stood with the ball in his hand.

KC 82-65 CAL 80-70 TEX 74-73 MIN 66-81
OAK 87-83 CH 85-83 SEA 54-81

AL EAST As the Yankees (5-1) continued floundering the Red Sox (11-6), Baltimore, Milwaukee and Detroit kept pipe-dreaming. "All the Red Sox and Yankees have to do is play 500, and if we keep winning it might be ours," said Baltimore Pitcher Dennis Martinez. "We're not knocked out," said Milwaukee Manager George Bamberger. "If we put a six-

or seven-game winning streak together we could end up second," said Tiger Centerfielder Ron LeFlore.

Then all three teams played like also-rans. Detroit split six, losing twice at home but getting encouragement from rookie Kip Young, who beat the Bombers 7-4. Dave Rueter topped Cleveland 1-0 for his second straight complete-game victory, and LeFlore hit .391.

Milwaukee's (3-4) divisional title hopes were set back by three losses to Minnesota Mike Caldwell (19-9), who has been to the Brewers what Ron Gaudy has been to the Yankees, stopped the Orioles 4-3.

Baltimore (3-3) got two superb pitching performances from Dennis Martinez, who beat Boston 3-2 on three hits and Toronto

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GAYLORD PERRY: The 40-year-old Padre right-hander beat Atlanta 3-1 and Houston 2-1. With the National League's best record (19-6) and a 2.89 earned run average, he is in contention for a second Cy Young Award.

11-1 on six, Martinez has thrown six consecutive complete games. "I'm the best," he said, "and I love it." Jim Palmer, long accustomed to such acclaim, wasn't getting it from his teammates. Palmer beat Toronto 8-3, but left a game against Boston because he said he had arm trouble. Jim Rice's second homer subsequently won the game for the Red Sox. "Does Palmer have a guaranteed contract?" asked an Oriole. "If he does, why couldn't he pitch with pain?" Rich Dauer, however, pleased everyone. Dauer broke the league record for most consecutive games in a season without an error by a second baseman. Passing Bobby Doerr's old mark of 73, he has flawlessly handled 367 chances in 76 games.

First the good news in Toronto (1-3). Don Kirkwood threw his best game of the season, a six-hitter, to beat the Indians 7-1. On the other hand, Jesse Jefferson, 1-7 since July 2, was beaten 6-4 by Cleveland and 11-1 by Baltimore, and Victor Cruz was pummeled by the Orioles 8-3. In a sad (2-11) September, the Blue Jays faced the prospect of losing 100 games for the second year in a row. Thankfully, they had two scheduled days off and one rainout.

By contrast, the Indians (4-3) were enjoying their role as giant-killers. The staggering Red Sox limped into Municipal Stadium and were whipped twice. Cleveland rookies did some of the damage. In a 2-1 game, Outfielder Dan Briggs made an acrobatic catch of a bases-loaded fly ball, saving two runs, and later tripled and scored the winning run on Tom Verzer's suicide squeeze. Wayne Cage contributed to a 4-3 win with a two-run homer.

NY 90-57 BOS 87-61 MIL 85-64 BAL 83-65
DET 80-67 CLE 64-83 TOR 57-81

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN MIDNIGHT MARTINI.



Add a black olive to your martini made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, the real secret behind the perfect martini. And remember, enjoy our quality in moderation.



Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

Defy mediocrity.



SEAGRAM BOTTLED CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Pay dirt for the U.S. at last

After four lean years on Latin clay, the American Davis Cuppers won in Chile

The oldtimers never dignify the cursed surface by such a genteel name as "clay." To them it is what it is: *dirt*. It is a common enough surface, found in Florida and Texas, as well as in Rome and Paris, but somehow the dirt of Latin America casts a special spell upon U.S. Davis Cup teams. The last generation of our players have all been buried in the dirt of Porto Alegre, Guayaquil, Bogotá, Mexico City and Buenos Aires. And because we have never been particularly selective about the site of our defeats south of the border, it seemed likely that our heroes would expire this particular year in Santiago, where the U.S. and Chile met last week in the American Zone final.

But, incredibly, as the very earth itself seemed to shudder in surprise, the United States of America, pop 217,000,000, was able to fend off Chile, pop. 10,660,000, and move into the semifinals of the '78 Davis Cup. More's the wonder, it was a rout. Brian Gottfried and Harold Solomon swept the opening day's singles, and Gottfried and John McEnroe took the next day's doubles to clinch the Zone at large, before it was played out to 3-2 with Sunday's two dead matches.

It is barely spring in Santiago, with the feel of early April days of the northern temperate zone. The rivers are rushing, filled with the melting Andes snow and heavy rains, but the trees are still bare, only the wistaria in bloom.

The first singles matched Gottfried and Jaime Filol, two lean, curly-haired six-footers with natural attacking games more effective on faster surfaces. The second match presented Solomon and Hans Gildemeister, baseline dirt specialists who rely on patience and bounces.

Filol, a handsome man with a matching disposition, is the president of the Association of Tennis Professionals, the first non-English-speaking player to hold the post. As a competitor, Filol is a charger, taking the ball on the rise, dictating the game's tempo. But, curiously, he is never sure of his ability; he is a timid server

under stress, and his game never ascends to great heights. Opponents are aware they must press him.

Gottfried, sixth-ranked in the world, is known primarily for his reliability. He is unflappable. The morning of the Davis Cup opener, Gottfried slept through an earthquake that moved small furniture in the rooms of the Sheraton Hotel, where both teams were staying. One of Gottfried's quirks is that he is often a slow starter and, sure enough, Filol broke him right away: 2-0 Chile. "What more could we ask for?" said Luis Ayala, the Chilean captain, afterward. "A lead right off, on your own court before your own people?"

But Gottfried pressed Filol. The Chilean's serve betrayed him, and he rushed precipitately to the net, where the American lobbed over him. Quickly, Filol lost two service games, and the set went to Gottfried 6-4. In many ways, that told the tale. Gottfried began to exert command, coming to the net on Filol's second serves, cutting off the Chilean's backhands down the line, and exposing his erratic forehand. It took a while for the break and a 7-5 second set, but by now Gottfried ruled at the net as surely as if the surface were fast grass, and in the third set Filol pleaded *nolo contendere*: 6-2.

The lovely little tennis stadium, set by the huge national soccer grounds at one end of Calle de Deportes—Street of Sports—had grown subdued, at last nearly silent. While Gottfried and Filol played—both expressionless, contained—one's sense of place all but vanished. Raucous Latin crowds? Bandito gamesmanship? Hardly. The greatest stir came when Filol, the consummate sportsman, argued a couple of line calls, turning them against himself. The linesmen were fair, the crowd generous to both sides—and, quickly enough, resigned to the worst. "We're a shy, defensive people," Filol had said. "Chileans never think they can possibly succeed. We're only sure of



The reliable Gottfried took two key matches

two things: that we have good wine and that we're nice people."

Ah, but when Solomon and Gildemeister strode onto the court to play their good old-fashioned grubby dirt game, the stands came to life again. A trumpet blared, a Chilean flag waved, the chants came up. But Solomon had been here before. He won both his matches in 1972 in Santiago when he was only 19. Short, dark and handsome, a prospective bridegroom, he is used to being the guy who has to carry the U.S. flag the dirt world over. "I guess I just love the challenge," he says. He has never once had the luxury of playing a Davis Cup match at home, because at home we move to fast surfaces and bring in the glamorous Russians with clean shoes and big serves.

So once more Solomon had to deal with another local Latin hero. Gildemeister had upset Guillermo Vilas in the previous round, to carry Chile past Argentina, and he had beaten Solomon in the French Open. He is only 22, ranked 31st in the world (just above Filol), one of those rare birds who hit two-handed ground strokes off both sides. The Chil-

continued



Solomon, one of the best dirt players in the U.S., outlasted Gildemeister at the baseline.

can is a powerful baseliner, too, albeit a streaky one, but he is absolutely out of his element anywhere near the net.

As Tony Trabert had told Gottfried to stay on top of Fillo, he told Solomon to keep Gildemeister moving. The U.S. Davis Cup captain didn't think Herr Two-Hands was in as good condition as his intrepid little Solly. So Solomon continually tried to pull Gildemeister wide, because a two-handed player must go a bit further, expend a bit more energy to reach each shot. "Make him work for everything," Trabert told Solomon during an early crossover. "It's like a boxer body-punching. You may not see the damage for a while." For his part, Gildemeister kept looping high top-spin bounces to Solomon's backhand, his two-handed side, making him stretch up.

The first three games took 25 minutes, a service break apiece included. Then Gildemeister broke again, and at 5-4 prepared to serve out the set. Suddenly, brazenly, on the first point, Solomon barged

to the net and knocked off a volley winner. Flabbergasted at this foray, Gildemeister promptly made three errors and lost his serve at love. Just as promptly, he went up love-40 on Solomon's serve—and then the American won five points in a row to win the game. In a daze now, Gildemeister lost his serve again at love, and the set with it, 7-5.

The body punches, it seemed, had landed effectively—and upon the heart. "The way he was playing, Hans would have beaten anyone else in the world," Ayala said in sad review. "But with Solomon, all the balls come back. Do you know what that does to a player?" In fact, Gildemeister regrouped to win the second set 6-3, but in the third Solomon began to force the action. Now he hit with power, now Gildemeister was too tired, and Solomon went on to take the match 7-5, 3-6, 6-3, 6-1.

The winning third point came with the doubles Saturday, a gloomy, raw afternoon that had the fans attired in wool

shawls and sarapes. McEnroe, whose Katzenjammer countenance makes him look even younger than his 19 years, came to the courts in a colorful ski cap. This was his Davis Cup debut, and, as well, his first pairing with Gottfried. Once again the Americans got off to a rocky start, both lost their first service games on the way to losing the set, 6-3, but they came on to whip Fillo and Belus Praxos 6-3, 8-6, 6-3.

Gottfried and McEnroe scurried off to the portable heaters of the locker room, there to be greeted by Solomon, who said, profoundly, "Awright, after five blinking years we have finally got out of this blanking Zone."

The U.S. team now travels to Sweden the first week in October, with the winner to play the final against either England or Australia. Despite the overpowering presence of Bjorn Borg, the U.S., with its depth, should be the favorite to bring the Cup home for the first time since 1972, and apparently the effort will be handled without assistance from Jimmy Connors. Both Trabert and USTA Davis Cup Chairman Joe Carrico have become exasperated by Connors' behavior, and the last communication with him was a hand-delivered letter from Carrico, which politely informed him that it's you call us from here on.

Gottfried, Vitas Gerulaitis, Stan Smith and Arthur Ashe will probably head up the contingent to Sweden. The players make \$2,000 and first-cabin expenses. The USTA has tried to increase the kitty by peddling team sponsorship for a peddling \$30,000 a round, but not a single American company has kicked in. By contrast, in Chile, as in most countries, Cup matches are on national TV and are a hot ticket, with commercial sponsorship. The Davis Cup remains a minor attraction in its native land.

This is Trabert's third year as captain. A loss and he's out for sure, and even if he wins, he may decide to end the aggravation (Ashe would then loom as the likeliest successor). Trabert says, "Sometimes I think the U.S. should sit out for a year and see if anybody cares—see if the players care, see if anybody in America even knows we're not playing."

But for now, there is jubilation: we are off the blanking Latin dirt, and Solly can relax until next spring, when he will be called upon again to enter the lists for 1979 upon the brick-red ground of Mexico City.

END



MGB. Widen your horizons.

In a world of caged-in, cooped-up cars, the MGB is a classic sports car: low, lean and wide open all around. Everything about the car is designed to make driving more fun and widen your horizons.

The top-down, wind-in-your-face sense of excitement you get from driving an MGB comes from handling features like front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, quick-throw four-speed stick, and front and back anti-sway bars for increased stability. And, with its track-proven 1800cc engine, the MGB performs like the proven winner it is. In fact, the MGB holds the National Class E Championship in SCCA racing this year, just as it has for six of the past seven years.

So sit in it. Drive it. Experience it.
And widen your horizons the quickest way we know.

BRITISH



Behind the wheel of an MGB.

For the name of the dealer nearest you, just call these toll-free numbers: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONA, NEW JERSEY 07036.



For him, it's better to receive

But Joe Senser gives, too, thrilling the West Chester fans with his catches

What are they going to do for entertainment at West Chester State College when Joe Senser isn't around to catch the football anymore? A lot of students are already unhappy about the scarcity of jobs in the Philadelphia area for the hundreds of phys-ed teachers that West Chester churns out every year. And you can't have more than a couple of beers down at the Rathskeller without someone making a crack about the school library ("It's a nice place to visit, as long as you don't want something to read"). So what will people use for a tonic, when big No. 81, the curly-haired, square-jawed receiver with the gorgeous girl friend jumping up and down in the stands, isn't around to lift everyone's spirits on Saturday afternoons in the fall?

In years gone by, the emotional well-being of this middle-sized Division II school (enrollment: 8,000) located in the farm country west of Philadelphia didn't hinge on the impending graduation of one football player, no matter how many pusses he snagged off his shoetops. From the end of World War II until 1974, the year Senser was finishing high school in Hershey, Pa., the Golden Rams were the scourge of the small-college ranks. Over those 30 years West Chester had four perfect seasons, lost one game in each of 10 other seasons, and won such classics as the Pretzel Bowl and the Cement Bowl. Football was a big deal on campus. Since 1975, however, the Golden Rams have been just another small-college team, winning about as often as they have lost but, thanks to Senser, keeping Farrell Stadium nearly filled.

A giant of a wide receiver at 6' 5" and 234 pounds, Senser broke into the starting lineup as a freshman by catching a 37-yard pass on the very first play of a game against Hillsdale. To prove it was no fluke, on the next play he hauled in another for a touchdown. Deceptively fast with long, loping strides, Senser caught 108 passes the past three years, roaming through secondaries and grabbing anything he could get his hands on. His 54 receptions in 1977 make him the leading returning receiver in Division II. But even Senser can't do it all by himself. Last season the Rams were 5-5 and this season they are 0-2, having lost to Lehigh and Delaware.

West Chester called Senser's number on six of its first nine plays in the opener

against Lehigh, the 1977 Division II champion, which is now in Division I-AA. Senser had eight catches plus a two-point conversion reception. If Senser goes on to catch, say, 60 passes this season, won't West Chester fans miss him all the more when he's through playing football?

Maybe not. For one thing, they can spend winter nights watching Senser play basketball. It's only his second sport, you understand. He was cut from his high school basketball team as a senior, and he still doesn't feel comfortable shooting from outside 10 feet, as attested by his career free-throw percentage of .531. Be that as it may, Senser has set a record or two and got himself into some pretty select company. As a sophomore, for example, he sank enough layups, tip-ins and offensive rebounds (130 baskets in 186



Against Saitter, opponents are often diveded



Senser's best catch: Michele Montgomery

shots) to break Lew Alcindor's NCAA single-season field-goal-percentage record (.699 to .667).

"Sounds impressive, doesn't it?" says Sencer. "The real drama was whether I could score enough to average five baskets per game, which is the minimum you need to qualify for the record. People say I'm an 'All-American boy' but I've got news for you, I couldn't tie Alcindor's shoelaces. And I couldn't make it in the NBA if I were five inches taller."

West Chester plays a tough Division I basketball schedule, and as the Golden Rams' starting center, Sencer has performed well against players who were five inches taller than he is. He made 14 of 17 shots against Wilmington last season to match the 14-for-17 night he had against Glassboro State as a freshman, and if he shoots around .625 this year, he will break Bill Walton's NCAA career record of .651.

"It's kind of suckening, isn't it?" says Sencer's girl friend, Michele Montgomery, with a sarcastic smile. "I mean Joe seems to do just about everything well—not like the rest of us. I asked him to go ice-skating with me a couple of years ago. He said, 'Aw, I don't know, I'm not very good.' So we got out on the ice, and naturally he starts skating backward, doing figure eights and all. I get so upset watching him play football that I accidentally broke my friend's finger when she was sitting next to me at a game last year. But Joe? He's so cool about everything. I assume it carries over into the way he approaches athletics."

"Sencer is a complete athlete," says Alex Bell, an NFL scout who represents BLESTO, a firm that scouts for nine NFL teams. "He has the unique ability to catch nearly every ball in front of him with his hands, as opposed to a lot of young receivers who try to cheat and use a shoulder pad to soften the impact. As a result, they drop a lot of balls. Sencer doesn't. He also has great jumping ability. It's certainly a plus when a man who is already 6' 5" can go up over a crowd of defenders and come away with the football. The only question about Sencer is whether he's tough enough to move inside to tight end and learn to block."

If Sencer is a little too good to be true, perhaps it is because he had a chance to turn out all wrong. His father died when Joe was 12 and left the family of five prac-

tically destitute. Sencer was taken in by the Milton Hershey School, Pennsylvania's equivalent of Boys Town, and the six years he spent there not only molded his character but also taught him everything from masonry to how to milk a cow. That he grew up to be handsome with piercing blue eyes, has been in the *Rathskeller* exactly once in three years and wants to be a Secret Service agent tend to confirm that he is, indeed, an All-American boy. He is also Philadelphia's No. 1 sports fan. His hero is Bobby Clarke, but he gets to the ball park, too. Two years ago he saw 80 Phillie home games, all free because he was dating a Phillie ball girl.

But what will the good folks at West Chester State do for fun after Sencer has broken Walton's record and been drafted by the NFL? Well, they could stroll on down to a baseball game. Sencer plans to try out for the Golden Rams' squad next spring. Mind you, he wouldn't have considered it before last summer, when he played in an organized league that included several ex-minor leaguers. In 30 games Sencer batted .353 and hit seven home runs.

"And those seven homers weren't just out," says Michele. "They were way, way out."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST Oregon's 288 yards in total offense were only seven fewer than what was racked up by visiting Southern Cal. Nevertheless this Pac-10 contest was a 37-10 romp for the Trojans. Mike Kennedy kept the USC defenders off-balance by completing 21 of 39 passes for 231 yards, but they in turn frustrated him by picking off five of his throws. The Trojans parlayed four of those interceptions into a field goal and three touchdowns, the last a 64-yard scamper by cornerback Herb Ward. The USC workhorse was Tailback Charles White, who lugged the ball 32 times for 173 yards and scored twice.

ARIZONA was a winner in its first-ever Pac-10 game, defeating Oregon State 21-7. Arizona State, which also moved out of the WAC and into the Pac-10, joined Brigham Young 24-17 in a nonconference skirmish in Tempe.

Washington scored the first three times it

had the ball and went on to smother Kansas 31-2. Keeping the offense clicking were Tailback Joe Steele (102 yards in 26 carries) and Quarterbacks Tom Porras and Tom Flick. Porras hit on 10 of 17 passes for 92 yards, and ran for another 40 yards and one TD. His understudy, Flick, connected on seven of eight for 61 yards and a touchdown.

Washington State's Thrown! Samson, Jack Thompson, threw only one scoring pass during a 28-0 victory over Idaho, a 14-yarder to Tahi Ena, who is known as the Other Samson. Ena tied a team record by scoring two more touchdowns on short bursts.

Two touchdown passes by Quarterback Steve Ditt led Stanford to a resounding 39-9 defeat of San Jose State.

Tailback Allan Clark rank for 266 yards, most of them on sweeps, as Northern Arizona bumped off Idaho State 34-14.

1. UCLA (2-0)

2. USC (2-0) 3. WASHINGTON (1-1)

SOUTHWEST John Stroman, a senior line-backer for Rice, has vivid memories of last season's 72-15 loss to Texas. That game was, he felt, "a circus." Before last week's matchup with the Longhorns, Stroman was not so bold as to predict the Owls would end their 11-game losing streak, but he did say, "I don't think it'll be a circus this time."

Stroman was right. The game was not a circus. It was more like a carnival. One of the sideshows was the Penalty Act. The Longhorns sole that show by being penalized 17 times for 165 yards. Texas also previewed a How to Drop a Football routine, fumbling six times and losing the ball on five of those occasions. Rice tried to get in on both those acts, but could only draw four penalties for 40 yards and fumbled a scant three times. The Owls, though, outperformed the Longhorns in Let's Throw the Ball to the Other Guys, 2 to 1.

Amid the hoo-haws of the fans, Texas put Rice on the back burner in their Southwest Conference game by a score of 34-0. Olympic sprinter Johnny (Lam) Jones latched on to three passes for 132 yards, including 57- and 26-yard scoring efforts. JC transfer LeRoy King, taking over at running back for Heisman Trophy winner Eric Campbell, picked up 106 yards in 10 cracks.

It looked like a lark, what with Arkansas leading Vanderbilt 24-0 after 35 minutes, but then the Commodores, who had gained just 51 yards in the first half, got going. Within a five-minute span, they scored on a 13-yard run by Vin Heflin, a 30-yard punt return by Preston Brown and a 33-yard field goal by Mike Woodard. Thus the Razorbacks' once-comfortable edge had been reduced to 24-17. Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz' fans were eased when freshman Thomas Brown zipped 96

continued

yards on a kickoff return, and the Hogs went on to win 48-17.

It was no surprise that Ben Cowins of Arkansas led all rushers with 144 yards in 15 carries. What was surprising was that Kevin Scanlon outshone No. 1 Quarterback Ron Calcagni. Scanlon had been recruited by Holtz when the coach was at North Carolina State and had transferred when Lou moved west. After sitting out a year, Scanlon, in his first game for the Hogs, made good on four of eight passes for 96 yards and two touchdowns. And he ran two yards for another six-pointer. Calcagni wound up with five completions in nine attempts for 24 yards. Another pleasant surprise for Holtz was that he apparently found suitable replacements for Kicker Steve Little, JC transfer Ish Ogunjor kicked field goals of 46 and 32 yards, and Bruce Lahay averaged 42.4 yards on five punts.

1. ARKANSAS (1-0)

2. TEXAS (1-0) 3. TEXAS A&M (1-0)

SOUTH UNDERDOGS TO WONDERDOGS was the inscription on T shirts worn by Georgia fans. Sure enough, the Bulldogs did some mildly wondrous things

as they shocked Baylor 16-14. Field goals of 42, 38 and 36 yards by Rex Robinson and a 16-yard touchdown run by Willie McClellon gave Georgia its points. Bulldog Coach Vince Dooley, though, felt his players might have been somewhat lucky dogs, saying, "We beat a big team in Athens humidity, on Athens grass in front of an Athens crowd."

Louisiana State was another Southeastern Conference team that knocked off an outsider. Tailback Charles Alexander earned 32 times for 144 yards and scored twice as the Tigers held off Indiana 24-17. The game's most spectacular run was by Defensive End John Adams, who stole a Hoosier pass, was caught by Quarterback Scott Arnett, broke loose and went 73 yards for a touchdown.

Two other SEC squads lost, Tennessee being blanked 13-0 by UCLA and Florida losing to Southern Methodist 35-25. Fullback Theotis Brown of UCLA scored the game's first points with a 54-yard run in the third period. Brown rushed for 103 yards, but was outdistanced by Vol Quarterback Jimmy Sreater, who ran for 95 and passed for 79. Unlike Sreater, SMU's Mike Ford produced touchdowns, passing for two (and 210 yards) and plunging a yard for a third.

Three other bull's-eye passes propelled

their teams to triumphs. Jimmy Jordan's three TD passes for Florida State finished off Oklahoma State 38-20. In his past four games over two seasons, Jordan has hit on 64 of 97 for 991 yards and nine touchdowns, while being intercepted only once. Sophomore Tailback Homes Johnson caught two of Jordan's scoring passes against the Cowboys and added another yard touchdown run.

By completing 13 of 14 passes for 210 yards and a pair of touchdowns, 6' 5½", 215-pound sophomore Rich Campbell gave California a 28-10 halftime lead in Georgia Tech. The Yellowjackets fought back, but lost 34-22.

Navy swamped Virginia 32-0 as Bob Leszczynski found his receivers on nine of 13 passes for 210 yards. Split End Phil McConeky palled in five of those tosses, four in the first period for 141 yards.

Pitt led an aroused Tulane 16-6 with one second left as the first half and the ball on the Green Wave three-yard line. Unlike Muhammad Ali the night before, the Panthers came through with a knockout punch in this Superdome contest as Larry Sims bulled into the end zone on the next play. That floored Tulane, which eventually succumbed 24-6.

Backed up on his own six-yard yard, Memphis State's Lloyd Patterson lofled a pass

continued

"Funny how nobody compares their anti-perspirants with Brut 33."

These days, you hear a lot of comparisons among anti-perspirants.

But you notice, no anti-perspirant or deodorant compares itself with Brut 33.

Because only Brut 33 gives you effective, long-lasting protection plus the great smell of Brut. And that puts Brut 33 beyond comparison.

Nothing compares with Brut 33.

SCOTCH SO SMOOTH IT NEVER MAKES WAVES.

All good Scotch begins with the best of intentions and the finest of ingredients. It is in the delicate process of blending that differences are struck.

And in the taste of Cutty Sark there are striking differences.

To make good Scotch, the whiskies comprising the blend are aged in separate oaken casks, then blended together. To make Cutty Sark, the whiskies are also aged separately, then blended together, then returned to cask for up to a year and a half longer. And only then bottled.

This results in a Scots Whisky whose elements are perfectly knit, with a taste that's unusually smooth.

And this is one reason why, whether you prefer Cutty Sark with water, with soda, or neat, it glides over the palate with nary a ripple.

CUTTY SARK

CUTTY SARK CUTTY THE CUTTY SARK CLASH AND THE CLASH CUT SARK ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF JAMES WATSON & CO. LTD. LONDON. THE CUTTY SARK IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF JAMES WATSON & CO. LTD. LONDON. THE CUTTY SARK IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF JAMES WATSON & CO. LTD. LONDON. THE CUTTY SARK IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF JAMES WATSON & CO. LTD. LONDON.

to flanker Ernest Gray, who hauled it in on his 30 and sped the rest of the way for a touchdown against Houston. That big play, plus four Cougar fumbles, paved the way for a 17-3 Tiger victory.

Clemson players did not get much of a workout while thrashing The Citadel 58-3. But the team mascot, a student in a tiger costume, worked up lots of sweat. Each time the Tigers scored, the mascot matched their point total with a like number of push-ups—287 in all during the steamy afternoon. It was a good thing he did not try to match Clemson's yards of total offense (567). With Famous Amos Lawrence missing most of the game because of a bad hip and with new Coach Dick Crum keeping much of his offense under wraps, North Carolina bested East Carolina 14-10. A 7-7 deadlock was broken when Tar Heel Quarterback Matt Kupec and Tight End Bob Loomis teamed up on a 28-yard touchdown pass. East Carolina's late effort to pull off an upset ended on the Tar Heel 19 when the Pirates fumbled the ball away for the sixth time.

Because of the 90° heat, North Carolina State Coach Bo Rein hoped for a quick start against Syracuse. He got his wish as Ted Brown picked up 111 of his 198 yards in the first half while the Wolfpack took a 10-0 advantage. As soon as Rein rested his starters, though, the Orangemen got busy. Tim Wilson of Syracuse, often relying on advice from injured regular Quarterback Bill Hurley, uncorked a 59-yard scoring bomb to Art Monk on his first varsity pass. Dave Jacobs knotted the score at 10-10 with a 40-yard field goal, after which Halfback Ray Vickers put State ahead again with a 17-yard scoring run. Jacobs put the Orangemen ahead 19-17 with three more field goals, but Nathan Riser kicked a 37-yard field goal to make the score 20-19. Later, Vickers bolted over from six yards out to conclude a 99-yard drive that wrapped up State's 27-19 conquest.

Two last-period touchdowns enabled Maryland to overcome Louisville's 17-10 edge and pull out a 24-17 win. A fumble recovery at the Cardinal 20 set up the Terps' final surge, one Alvin Maddox climaxed by scoring from three yards out with 1:36 left.

1. ALABAMA (2-0)

2. LSU (1-0) 3. NORTH CAROLINA (1-0)

EAST Bill Parcells, the new Air Force coach, obviously believes one can never be too cautious. Before his team played at Boston College, Parcells refused to let local telephone workers hook up his sportsmen's phones. Instead, he had his own coaches handle the job.

With the spotters providing tips, with the defense forcing seven fumbles and recovering six, and with walk-on kicker Jim Sturch tying a team mark with four field goals, the Falcons won the Battle of the Birds from the Eagles 18-7. Boston College,

operating out of a veer installed by first-year Coach Ed Chlebek, was an 18-point favorite. But the veer drew more sneers than cheers from the fans. Falcon Linebacker Tom Foerbach provided the sneers, taking part in 13 tackles.

Halfback Shawn Passman went over from one yard out in the final minute to give Villanova a 25-21 victory over Massachusetts, which had led 14-0 at the half.

Army fought off Lafayette 24-14 as Quarterback Earle Multrane passed eight yards to Glenn Brundidge for one touchdown and ran one yard for another. Chuck Mullen of Holy Cross caught two touchdown passes from Peter Colombo during a 27-14 triumph over Colgate, which had a 10-0 regular-season record last year.

1. PENN STATE (3-0)

2. PITTSBURGH (1-0) 3. NAVY (1-0)

MIDWEST Never the sort to take a backseat to anyone, Alabama Coach Bear Bryant wound up in the driver's seat, as usual figuratively, after his team overhauled Missouri 38-20, and literally when he conducted a postgame press conference from the driver's seat of a bus rather than in the crowded dressing room. "If I didn't come back in the third quarter, they'd have remembered it the rest of their lives," Bryant said. He was alluding to Alabama's two touchdowns in the third period, which put it back at front. Early on, it was the Tide that had been ahead, leading 17-0 after less than 18 minutes. But during the next 4:43 the Tigers rallied, driving 72 yards for one touchdown. Quarterback Phil Bradley during 69 yards for a second and Cornerback Russ Calabrese returning an interception 30 yards to put Missouri on top 20-17. What got Alabama untricked was a blocked kick by Defensive End E. J. Junior. The ball was scooped up by Linebacker Ricky Gifford, who rammed 35 yards for the first of the Tide's third-period scores.

Other Big Eight teams fared better, although Iowa State barely downed San Diego State 14-13. The Aztecs outdid the Hawkeyes in first downs 30 to 12, in rushing yardage 228 to 224, and in passing yardage 268 to 11, with San Diego State's Mark Hadda completing 24 of 43 attempts. It was turnovers that destroyed the Aztecs. A blocked punt led to the Cyclones' first touchdown in the opening quarter and a midfield fumble recovery in the fourth quarter set up the second. With State trailing 13-6, Tailback Victor Mack scored on a four-yard run to make it 13-12. Then Quarterback Terry Rubley passed to Guy Preston for a two-point conversion and the victory.

Oklahoma, Nebraska and Colorado were more convincing winners. The Sooners whipped West Virginia 52-10. Even though he gained just eight yards in four tries, Half-

back Jimmy Rogers, a former redshirt, scored the first three touchdowns of his five-year career. His first came when Quarterback Thomas Lott, heading for the end zone, looked back, spotted Rogers trailing him and lateraled to him at the two-yard line.

When asked how he could get his Nebraska team to be serious about facing Hawaii, Coach Tom Osborne said, "The last time Hawaii came to Lincoln, the Rainbows won and the Nebraska coach lost his job." That was in 1955 when Hawaii won 6-0. Osborne didn't have to worry about his job after this game, which the Huskers took 56-10.

Colorado defenders threw Miami (Fla.) backs for losses 10 times, gave up just 147 yards and backbounced a 17-7 Buffalo victory.

When Michigan State came to Purdue a passing duel was anticipated, because the Spartans were quarterbacked by Ed Smith, the Big Ten passing leader in 1976, and the Boilermakers by Mark Herrmann, who led the conference last season as a freshman. State

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Florida State Quarterback Jimmy Jordan, a 6'1", 185-pound junior, found the range on 17 of 28 passes for 231 yards and three touchdowns as the Seminoles swept past Oklahoma State by a score of 38-20.

DEFENSE: Sophomore Defensive End Keith Clark, a 6'4", 230-pounder, made six tackles, assisted on four, sacked the quarterback twice for 16 yards in losses and recovered a fumble as Memphis State beat Houston 17-3.

went in front 14-0 when Smith went over from three yards out. However, in the process, he suffered a possible hairline fracture of the second finger of his throwing hand and was through for the day. As for Herrmann, he had his worst game as a collegian, hitting on only seven of 23 passes for 85 yards. Herrmann's biggest play against the Spartans was one called by Coach Jim Young. That came when Purdue had a fourth-and-four at midfield with the score 14-17 and 4:43 to go. Following orders, Herrmann went into a long count and then had the backfield shift into a single wing. The strategy worked, drawing the Spartans offside and giving the Boilermakers a first down. Fullback John Micon then ran for 12 yards and went right up the middle on the next play for the final 33 to make Purdue a 21-14 victor.

Michigan's new wishbone offense was too powerful for Illinois, which lost 31-0. In another Big Ten game, Iowa beat Northwestern 20-3. In non-conference matchups, Minnesota drubbed Toledo 38-12, and Wisconsin edged Richmond 7-6.

1. OKLAHOMA (2-0)

2. MICHIGAN (1-0) 3. COLORADO (2-0)

Golden Lights



Only 8 mg. tar.

Taste so good you won't believe they're lower
in tar than all these brands:



20
mg. tar.
1.1 mg. nic.



13
mg. tar.
0.8 mg. nic.



17
mg. tar.
1.0 mg. nic.



12
mg. tar.
0.8 mg. nic.



11
mg. tar.
0.8 mg. nic.



17
mg. tar.
1.4 mg. nic.



16
mg. tar.
1.1 mg. nic.



16
mg. tar.
1.1 mg. nic.

Source of all tar and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. tar,* 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978. Golden Lights, Kings Regular and Menthol—8 mg. tar,* 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health





"A computer
this size
in a TV set?

GEE!"

(No, GTE!)

Technically, it's called an "integrated circuit."

And yes, it really does work just like a computer.

Developed by our scientists, this special-purpose computer takes the information sent through the airways, processes it, and makes critical adjustments that are needed.

What this means in plain English is that the "circuit" helps compensate for things like less-than-perfect transmission from TV stations, as well as any interference in the air.

Which is one of the reasons why the Sylvania Superset delivers an optimum color picture with minimal adjustment.

Hard to believe, isn't it, that something so small can do something so big.

GTE

Communications / Electronics / Lighting / Precision Materials

**America
has a health
problem that's
spreading
faster than
cancer,
heart disease
and
hypertension.**





Costs. Everybody's saying it. The cost of health care is rising like a fever. For the past few years, it's been climbing at more than twice the rate of inflation. And we're as concerned as you are.

Healthy competition has made it possible for private health insurers to provide health care coverage for 177,000,000 Americans, with 147,000,000 of them even protected against catastrophic expenses.

Though the system is basically sound, and doctors and hospitals have made commendable voluntary efforts to control costs, no one, including us, has done enough.

So we have some suggestions. Like supporting the establishment of commissions in every state to review hospital budgets and rates a year in advance.

Five states already have effective commissions. Connecticut saved over \$150,000,000 in four years with theirs. Massachusetts saved \$532,000,000 in three years. And what worked in Connecticut and Massachusetts can work in your state, too.

To explain how, we've put together a booklet called *Keeping Hospital Costs Under Control*. For a free copy, write us at: Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 10, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

There are a lot of health problems we can't cure yet. But the cost of health care isn't one of them.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's keep health care healthy



Almaden Winery, Inc., San Jose, California

Some of our finest wines happen to be sherries.

It's true. Almaden Sherries are among Almaden's finest wines. And if you haven't tried them yet, you're missing a unique wine experience. You see, no matter what your taste in wine, you'll find a sherry to please you.

Something light and bone dry?

Then our Elder Sherry. Served ice cold, it's extremely appetizing.

Or consider our Cocktail Sherry the perfect cocktail alternative. Pale and dry, it's best chilled or over ice.

Medium dry? That's our

Golden Sherry (above right). Serve it at room temperature or slightly chilled. And enjoy its soft, nutty taste after dinner—or anytime.

Perhaps something rich and satisfying enough to go with—or in place of—dessert? That's our Cream Sherry (middle). It's the perfect wine to try all-around.

Try one. Or try them all. No matter which you prefer, you'll enjoy a fine wine aged and blended according to the traditional Spanish solera method. And you will taste this tradition of quality in all

our fine wines.

To learn more about wine, send a postcard for a free copy of "The grapes and wines of Almaden" to: Almaden, P. O. Box 24249 SI, San Jose, CA 95154.



They jetted back to earth

Off to their best start of the '70s and dreaming of a return to their glory days, the rebuilding New York Jets were rudely shot down by Seattle Quarterback Jim Zorn

There were the New York Jets last week—undefeated, alone in first place in the AFC East, rolling behind a flashy quarterback from Alabama by the name of Richard Todd and favored to whip the winless Seattle Seahawks and raise their record to 3-0. The Jets had not started a season that well since 1966, when they had a flashy quarterback from Alabama by the name of Joe Namath, and the mere thought of three wins in three games had to be staggering. In fact, the Jets had won only three games in each of the previous three years, and they had not had a winning season in the '70s.

For a long time Sunday at Shea Stadium the Jets and the Seahawks played defense like a couple of senority touch teams. Todd and Seattle Quarterback Jim Zorn started a shootout in the first half, each throwing the ball four times. Todd completed eight for 170 yards, Zorn 10 for 137—and the two teams jogged off at halftime tied 14-14. They traded field goals in the third quarter, Seattle's Efraim Herrera, the Dallas discard, converting from 45 yards and New York's Pat Leahy responding from 37 yards, and then early in the fourth quarter Herrera trotted onto the field in an attempt to break the 17-17 tie with a short field goal from 24 yards. Or so the Jets thought.

No doubt thinking about how easily the New York receivers had been getting open, Seattle Coach Jack Patera wisely decided that the Seahawks needed a touchdown, not a field goal, and decided to use an old fake field-goal play. Zorn, who holds for Herrera's placements, took the snap from center, jumped up, ran to his left and gained a first down at the Jets' two-yard line. Two plays later, Zorn rolled right on the option and pitched the ball to running back David Sims, who went into the end zone standing up for his third touchdown of the game to give the Seahawks a 24-17 lead that their shaky defense

somehow preserved until the final gun.

While neither the Jets nor the Seahawks are ready to challenge for the playoffs, they are two of the most promising teams in the league, and almost mirror images of each other. But then, what would you expect of teams run by two men who spent five years commuting to New York City together on the 7-58 from Massapequa? Seattle General Manager John Thompson was executive director of the NFL Management Council until he moved to Seattle three years ago; he was the first person hired by the Seattle owners after they had paid \$16 million for the franchise. And Jim Kenil was executive director of the NFL until he became president of the Jets in June of 1977.

Their teams are the two youngest in the AFC, the Jets averaging 24 years of age, the Seahawks 24.7. In Todd and Zorn, Kenil and Thompson have secured the most important, and rarest, ingredient needed to build a winner—a talented quarterback. Also under Kenil and Thompson, the Jets and the Seahawks have developed solid, progressive organizations that are patiently building Dallas-style through the draft. In operational efficiency, the Jets, who are in their 18th year and have won a Super Bowl, are, if anything, somewhat behind the Seahawks, who are only three years old.

New York reached its nadir in 1975 when Coach Charley Winner, thinking his team was just a few players away from playoff contention, traded his first, fourth and sixth draft choices for three defensive linemen, two of whom now are out of football. Then again, at the time that made as much sense as drafting collegians because the Jets had usually fared miserably at the draft table.

Tight-fisted Weeb Ewbank, who coached and also ran the club as general manager from 1963 to 1974, economized on scouting. As a result, New York's first-round picks from 1967 to 1970 all

continued



Sims rushed for all three Seahawk touchdowns



Zorn's passing and running befuddled the Jets

bombed, and the present roster includes only six players drafted before 1976. Ewbank thought so little about the scouting end of the Jets' operation that when the team constructed a new office building, Weeb Ewbank Hall, at its Hofstra University training center, Ewbank assigned his three-man personnel department to a lone, windowless room.

Ewbank retired in 1974, and Winner, his son-in-law, was fired following a disastrous three-win season in 1975. The Jet reconstruction was launched the following season with the arrival of Lou Holtz from North Carolina State. Holtz began a much-needed housecleaning, but not even his rapid one-liners could keep the people smiling. Seeing that success was a long way off, Holtz resigned with one game to go in the 1976 season and moved to Arkansas.

Once Kensil took over as president, the Jets began to pour money into the scouting budget. The Jets set up a separate pro personnel department—something most other NFL teams already

had—and doubled the number of scouts on the payroll to six. Significantly, Kensil had an addition put onto Weeb Ewbank Hall and assigned the personnel department an entire wing—with plenty of windows. Also, Jet personnel forms now are more highly detailed than they were during Ewbank's regime, and scouts must commit themselves definitively on prospects. "It's not my job to pick football players," says Kensil, "but I can assess the people who do it, and the means and methods they use."

For now the cornerstones of the New York and the Seattle building programs are the third-year quarterbacks—Todd and Zorn. Their dissimilarities are striking. Todd is right-handed, a drop-back quarterback from a wishbone school. Zorn is a southpaw, a scrambler from the pro-style passing attack at Cal Poly in Pomona. Befitting his status as the first quarterback drafted in 1976, Todd employed Namath's agent and signed a five-year, \$605,000 contract. Befitting his status as a free agent, Zorn was signed to

his first pro contract by a Dallas assistant public-relations man—a man whose last name happened to be Todd.

Zorn almost made the Cowboys in 1975, but he was released as the final cut just before the first game when Dallas acquired Running Back Preston Pearson from Pittsburgh on waivers. Zorn remained out of football that year, then signed with Seattle as a free agent. He became an instant star in Seattle's first game, a home exhibition against San Francisco. Zorn did not enter the game until the second half when the Seahawks were trailing 24-0, but he quickly produced 20 points. On the last play of the game a Zorn scramble was stopped two yards short of the goal line, and Seattle lost 27-20. Nevertheless, Zorn became the most popular pro athlete in Seattle, supplanting the SuperSonics' Slack Watts, and he has been the Seahawks' No. 1 quarterback ever since.

Todd's acceptance came much more slowly. The Jets needed a pro-style dropback passer to succeed Namath, and

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



Todd didn't seem to be the right choice. His first year in New York was a waste as Holtz tinkered with the veer offense. Todd didn't really get his chance until 1977, when the Jets elevated Walt Michaels from defensive coordinator to head coach. Namath was given his release, and Michaels named Todd his starter.

Todd completed better than 50% of his passes last season and developed a passing acquaintance with Wide Receiver Wesley Walker. Now Todd-to-Walker may be the best deep-passing combo in the NFL. They teamed up for 47-yard and 43-yard touchdown bombs in the Jets' 33-20 opening-day upset of Miami three weeks ago. Todd threw for three touchdowns against the Dolphins and three more against Buffalo in the Jets' 21-20 victory.

Throughout his career Todd has had to suffer comparisons with Namath. While he adamantly insists he is no Broadway Joe, he is a lot closer to that mold than Zorn, who putters about Se-

attle in a yellow Volkswagen and devotes much of his free time to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Zorn is a former speed skater and amateur boxer, as well as an accomplished juggler who has appeared on children's television shows in Seattle, where he now lives full time.

Todd, though, deserts New York as soon as the season ends. He has just finished building a house on a bay of the Gulf of Mexico in Alabama, complete with a sauna, a whirlpool, a weight room and a 24-foot powerboat tied up at the dock in back. Oakland Raider Quarterback Kenny Stabler is building a house about a quarter of a mile away, and Todd says the area is called "the Red-neck Riviera."

Both Todd and Zorn are single, but Todd gratuitously adds, "Very single." He admits that he ballooned from 210 to 223 pounds in his rookie year because of repeated all-night forays around Manhattan. This season Michaels ordered Todd to give up his East Side bachelor pad and move in with teammates near

the Jets' Long Island training complex.

Todd says of the comparison between himself and Namath, "I don't have his arm and he didn't have my legs." While Todd is more mobile than Namath, Zorn is a far superior runner. Seattle has designed specific plays to take advantage of Zorn's ability to scramble, including the fake field-goal run that helped beat the Jets. This year Zorn has tried to improve his passing percentage, a lowly 41.4 last season, by curtailing his running and staying in the pocket. And he is succeeding, as evidenced by his 19 completions in 26 attempts for 191 yards Sunday.

"I have more confidence in my offensive line now," Zorn says. "It used to be that before I looked at the defense, I looked at the offensive line to see if it was doing its job. I couldn't do what I was supposed to do because I was worrying about what my offensive line was doing."

Unfortunately for the Jets, Zorn did everything he was supposed to do on Sunday in Shea Stadium. **END**

SUE HOULE

HOME: Los Angeles, California

AGE: 36

PROFESSION: Photographer

HOBBIES: Archaeology, anthropology.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Mirrors, Messages, Manifestations" by Minor White

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Exhibited "New Guinea Notebook," a photographic analysis of a Stone Age culture struggling for survival in a world of advanced technology.

QUOTE: "The problem of survival for tribal groups and their cultures is a serious moral challenge to us all. We must help them avoid being needlessly absorbed by more progressive societies."

PROFILE: Intelligent and determined. Shows a concern for the rights of all people through her selfless work with tribal groups.

HER SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

BLENDER SCOTCH WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

A heritage of uncompromising quality.
Dewar's never varies.

The Dewar Highlander.



Top scoring Canadian Elizabeth Ashton and Sumas take the jump that took so many competitors

Jumping to a thrilling conclusion

With royalty on the sidelines, Canada took the team gold away from the U.S. last week in the first World Eventing Championships held outside of Europe

Shortly before the U.S. was to defend its World Three-Day Event title in Lexington, Ky., Bruce Davidson's Irish Cap, perhaps the best eventing horse in the country and the mount he rode to gold medals in the 1974 World Championships and the 1976 Olympics, went lame. With only a young, relatively inexperienced horse to take his place, there was speculation that Davidson, although free to compete as an individual, might not be nominated to the team, but when the list came out last Wednesday his name was on it, with that of Might Tango, a 7-year-old, 17-hand gray gelding thoroughbred.

This past weekend, the team that almost did not make the team made history as Davidson became the first person ever to win the Individual World Championship twice in a row. For Might Tango, the victory was comparable to a junior high school quarterback leading USC to victory in the Rose Bowl, and for a while there at the end of the most demanding speed and endurance test ever

incorporated into a world championship, the horse looked as if the effort had been too great.

"There were rumors that Might Tango was in shock," Davidson said after Saturday's cross-country. "but that's what they were—rumors. I'm really proud of my horse. He was very tired, but he carried on. Most other horses would have stopped."

Many other horses did stop, defeated by the cross-country course and the heat. After Saturday's competition, only 26 of the 47 starters remained, four of the seven teams had fallen by the wayside and several riders had been taken to the hospital—one, it was feared at first, with a broken neck.

For the spectators the eventing went more smoothly. As early as 6 a.m. on the first day, the stands of the new \$27 million, 1,032-acre Kentucky Horse Park were filled with fans wrapped in blankets waiting for the dressage, the first event of the four-day competition—an extra day was required because of the number of horses—to begin. Despite the 90° heat on Friday, the spectators remained staunchly in their seats through the 30-minute morning and afternoon breaks. By Saturday, the third day, the flabbergasted sponsors saw a crowd of 70,000 moving decorously about a setting that might have been in England or in half a dozen other places in Europe. Blue, red and yellow striped tents had been set up among handsome slate-roofed buildings. More than 100 tiny shops strung along grassy walkways sold 19th-century prints, harness brasses, folding chairs, shooting sticks, Hermès scarves, boots, hats, umbrellas, Irish tweed, English leathers—and Kentucky fried chicken.

The crowds were dressed in every sort of attire, from shorts to saris, some carrying picnic baskets and folding chairs, others with toddlers and dogs in tow. They spoke a dozen languages, and interpreters had been rounded up for all of them. The only oversight, one wag complained, was the lack of an interpreter to translate American English into English. The omission was felt most keenly by HRH, the Duke of Edinburgh, who, as president of the Federation Equestre Internationale, presided over the championships and was mystified to find a local paper describing his movements through the crowds as "ghostlike" and likening him to a "Bowie Kuhn honchoing a sporting event."

Eventing, or combined training, was originally intended to test the fitness of cavalry officers. The three events in modern eventing are dressage, the speed and endurance trial, and stadium jumping, the mastery of which—by the same horse and rider—demands the utmost in control, strength and spirit. An eventing horse is required to split his personality. For dressage, he must be calm and entirely willing to be controlled, to answer the commands of his rider, which are transmitted so subtly that, ideally, they are imperceptible to the onlooker. The horse is required to perform 20 movements in a set sequence in 7½ minutes. On the following day, the horse is expected to charge fearlessly over the countryside in a test like last week's, which is divided into four parts: two obstacle-free timed tests called Roads and Tracks, separated by an 11-jump steeplechase and followed by the most difficult phase of all, the cross country.

At the end of the dressage phase in Lexington, the news, for Americans, was good. Mike Plumb, riding 45th in the 47-horse field, turned in the best score, 50.2, to beat out riders from Great Britain and Holland.

If the crowd had been attentive to this first stage of the championships, it was transfixed by the second. The speed and endurance tests are the heart of the Three-Day Event, both because they demand extreme effort from horse and rider, and because they offer the greatest spectacle to an audience. The 33 jumps on the 4½-mile cross-country course, each built of different species of native Kentucky woods, were so skillfully integrated into the terrain that in many places they seemed a natural part of the rolling countryside. Some were ordinary enough; others decidedly were not. Reactions of those walking the course, as riders may do without their horses, ranged from interest to horror.

The most spectacular obstacle was Old Fort Lexington, a three-element combination that included a cluster of small cabins followed by a 3' 7" bank topped by a two-foot stockade. Although its difficulty was more psychological than real, it took out an unexpected number of riders and sent an Argentinean, Captain Carlos Rawson, to the hospital. When asked how he would take the Dutch and Rails that followed, Kurano Saito, the single entry from Japan, who has spent the last two years in this country solely

to train for the event, said simply, "Not get so far." Those who did (including Saito) then faced a Normandy bank with a 5' 11" drop into water, which took an even greater toll. But the most treacherous obstacle of all proved to be the Serpent, a triple combination with two turns over three fences, further complicated by water and angles. By this point the horses that had cleared the 22 preceding obstacles were tiring—if not, indeed, exhausted—and the Serpent proved a disaster area. At one stage, seven riders in a row fell, were retired or eliminated, including Story Jenks of the U.S., who had held an early lead, and Britain's Christopher Collins and Lucinda Prior-Palmer. Prior-Palmer went on to finish, but Plumb was less fortunate. Coming into the Footbridge, a relatively simple fence two jumps before the Serpent, Plumb's horse Laurensen refused. The late afternoon sun, suddenly reflected in the water at the right and shortest part of the Footbridge, apparently frightened him. Plumb took the horse successfully over the left side, but his rhythm and pace had been broken. At the third and most difficult element of the Serpent, spectators watched in stunned silence as Laurensen refused three times to take the jump, eliminating Plumb, and almost certainly the U.S., from contention.

At the end of the day, only eight riders had clear cross-country runs, and 19 were no longer in contention. Of the seven teams entered, Holland, Argentina, Great Britain and New Zealand were out, leaving Canada, the U.S. and Germany, in that order. Only Canada, with a substantial lead, had all four team members still in the running. Its first rider in the cross-country, Juliet Graham Bishop, on her 14-year-old gray gelding Samara, had been the second contestant to complete the course. She had reported that speed was dangerous, and Canadian Coach B. K. Ishoy ordered the rest of his team to take it "cool and careful." It was clearly the right advice.

Leading the individual riders was Davidson on Might Tango. He was followed by 26-year-old Ralph Hill, the junior member of the U.S. team and the sleeper of the championships. Hill, riding in his first international competition, was on Sergeant Gilbert, a 9-year-old gelding he raised from a colt. He had a clean round and finished the cross country only 20 penalty points behind Davidson.

Although this should have been rea-

son for rejoicing, U.S. Coach Jack LeGoff made clear his dissatisfaction with the course. "This is the biggest course I have ever seen in my life," he said. "It is the biggest course anywhere. The fences are too big, there are too few places to relax between, and too many jumps together. There has been a lot of damage out there today on that battlefield."

Few disagreed. Most criticism was leveled at the Serpent. "The jump asked too many questions of a horse that was tired," said Prince Philip. "And here you had a classic problem of a jump being built in April to be used in September. The bank had not had time to settle and harden. After the first few horses went over, the base turned into a foot of soft loam."

The heat and humidity of an unseasonably hot September were also blamed for the heavy toll. Going into the final day, only 26 horses were eligible for the stadium show-jumping test, a half-mile course intended simply to ensure that a horse is still able, and willing, to perform for its rider after the grueling endurance phase. The expected traps of a pure show-jumping course—tall fences, odd angles, difficult stringings—were generally missing, although the Lexington show-jumping layout was also considered more difficult than most.

While stadium jumping contributes less to the overall score than the two previous phases, medals are often won and lost here. This year Ireland's lone rider, John Watson, rode his 11-year-old bay gelding Cambridge Blue into the ring in sixth place and emerged minutes later, after a clear round, in second, to take the individual silver medal behind Davidson. In fairness to countries that cannot field teams, the FEI has decided that the privilege of hosting the world championships should belong to the nation of the individual winner. But since a country may not have the championships back to back, last week the honor passed, with the silver medal, to Ireland, Watson's home country. The bronze medal went to the German, Helmut Reithmeier.

The teams also experienced some juggling of medals as Reithmeier took his 9-year-old Holstein gelding Ladulco through a clean round of stadium jumping, claiming the silver for his team, while the Americans collected the bronze. As for the team gold, it remained solidly on this side of the Atlantic, but it was Canada's. **END**



IF THE IE IE DON'T





GET YOU,

by KENNY MOORE

THE A'A WILL



CONTINUED

HAWAIIAN BIRDS

continued



The rare io, or Hawaiian hawk, is found only on the island of Hawaii and little is known of its habits; its population is estimated in the low hundreds.

Encumbered by vines, hobbled by lava, an intrepid writer and his faithful photographer companion take part in a unique survey of Hawaii's disappearing birdlife

We had rain covers tightly drawn about our packs, to give the clawing ferns and vines fewer places to grasp, though they occasionally threw us to the crumbling lava anyway. With my two one-gallon canteens tied inside the rain cover, I couldn't simply stop and drink. I had to either unwrap the whole pack or bend like a suppliant beside it and suck from the mouth of a canteen. Thus when I reached camp on the fifth day of our trek, I slung down my burden and greedily knelt. A shadow passed across the pack. The forest filled with a chilling screech, soon followed by the calls of excited biologists.

"An io!" said Dr. Mike Scott of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, pointing upward. "A Hawaiian hawk."

"There are two!" said Tim Burr of the Hawaii State Fish and Game Department. We watched the broad-winged birds about the size of red-tailed hawks

glide in tight curves above the broken canopy of 60-foot ohia trees. One calmly landed on a snag while the other flew on. Then the first rose and headed in a different direction.

The biologists conferred. We were 4,000 feet up the western slope of Mauna Loa on the island of Hawaii, the only place in the world where the io is found. "We know practically nothing about them," said Scott. "Even a count of how many eggs they lay would be an addition to present knowledge." In 1972 University of Hawaii ornithologist Andrew J. Berger wrote in *Hawaiian Birdlife*, "The total population is estimated in the low hundreds, [and] very few nests of this species have been found."

Because we had seen a pair of birds, it was possible a nest was in the vicinity. Our camp was a scattered affair of tents and hammocks on a soft grassy pasture. Above us rose steep ridges. Scott and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUETHNER

Burr set off to search the higher ground. That left photographer Heinz Kluetmeier and me. "Let's take a walk down the transect," he suggested. "We might see a hawk, and we might finally get a look at the dreaded ie ie."

We were near no road or trail. The transect of which Kluetmeier spoke was a 16-mile-long straight line running from the dry lava of Mauna Loa, through the rain forest, almost to the Kona Coast near Kealahou Bay, where the Hawaiian Islands' European discoverer, Captain James Cook, was killed. Our transect, marked by blue plastic ribbons tied to branches or rocks every 100 feet or less, was No. 57 of 75 surveyed by the Fish and Wildlife Service through all the forests on the island of Hawaii. Since 1976, teams of biologists, botanists and highly trained graduate students have scrambled down them, conducting the first exhaustive survey in Hawaii of forest bird populations and habitats. No more sensible place for such a count exists. Of the 58 kinds of birds indigenous to the Hawaiian forest, 24 are classed as endangered, 19 are believed extinct. Since 1800, more birds have been extirpated in Hawaii than in any other biological province on earth.

Kluetmeier and I had followed Scott, the director of the survey, and Burr over much of No. 57, pestering them with questions, gradually learning something of the sad, complex story of the islands' vanishing birds, and struggling in amazement with the ever-thickening forest. Of this, the ie ie was the ultimate test, always waiting before us, a specter vine, described by Burr and Scott as wiry, unyielding and virtually impenetrable. It was to sneak a look at it that Kluetmeier and I walked downhill through the afternoon mists.

The pasture ended against an ancient lava flow, great unstable rocks covered with moss and fern. We crawled over this for a few hundred yards, falling as the moss slipped off the lava beneath our boots, dead masses of fern closing over us with a final switch. There had been drought on this side of the island for three years. It was wet now, but the damage

continued

To get perhaps the best photograph ever taken of an ie ie, Kluetmeier climbed 40 feet up a dead tree



HAWAIIAN BIRDS

LARRY LANGE

was clear. Stakes of saplings were leafless. The brown fern—called eluhe—broke at a touch. There is no running water on the west side of Hawaii. It rains 250 inches a year at some elevations but the porous lava gathers it all in and sends it on to the sea underground. It must rain almost daily for the forest to persevere. Now, after the drought, it seemed there was nothing to hold on to. Once, falling, I grabbed a tree three inches in diameter and it fell with me. Examining the break, I saw hundreds of white termites squeezing back into their tunnels.

We returned to camp having found nothing more than sour ohelo berries. But Burr had found a hawk. Agely named *Buteo solitarius*, the so is Hawaii's only hawk. "Where is this photographer?" said Burr, and led Klutmeier to the tree. As they approached, the bird flew to another tree, and another, always looking away from the camera. Then it settled into the mid-branches of a 40-foot koa tree, and suddenly it was on a nest, a deep bowl of sticks.

The naturalists' eyes were shining. "It's only the second nest found this year. . . ." Scott began, excitedly. Then another to picked its way down from the branches on the opposite side of the tree, and the two hawks exchanged places, beautiful, vigilant parents; their behavior

seemed proof, in the failing light, of there being eggs in the nest.

Klutmeier selected a nearby tree—a dead one—and began to ascend, broken branches raining on Burr. "Do you have to be so close?" whispered Scott, concerned that the racket might spook the brooding hawks from the nest. Because his tree was the only one with an unobstructed view, Klutmeier pretended not to hear. The hawk held fast, its mate watching intently from the top of a koa tree. Klutmeier fastened a rope to his perch, then came down. "I'll be tied up there at 5:30 in the morning," he said. "Anything you care to know about Hawaiian hawks?"

We had begun, five days before, amid an evacuation scene at the Volcanoes National Park Headquarters, a dozen bird surveyors and botanists and us, all tugging at packs, cramming in last-minute socks and beef jerky. Life in the rain forest means life in the rain, so every pack, every sleeping-bag cover had to be lined with waterproof plastic garbage bags. Conversation was inaudible over the crackle of the bags. We got glimpses of maps, one showing that Transect 57 ran through "Devil Country," one showing the work done by the botanists, who have divided the forest into 49 different hab-

itats, each defined by its predominant vegetation. The bird findings will be compared with plant distribution to discover, perhaps, the particular sorts of places that need to be protected.

The essential reason for the survey, which is a joint effort of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the U.S. Forest Service and the State of Hawaii, is basic research, although it will have political repercussions. Despite past observations, no one has been able to say how many species of Hawaii's endemic birds survive, or what their populations are or exactly where they live. The history of bird study since Cook's voyages is rife with untimely fires and shipwrecks that destroyed collections and notes. Little was written about birds by the early missionaries, traders and planters. And the Hawaiian rain forest is so dense that what few observers there were looked only in the easiest places. "If you go in the wet, steep, rugged valleys, you never know what is going to turn up," says Eugene Kridler, the endangered-species coordinator in Hawaii. To illustrate, he cites the case of the po'ouli (*Melamprosops phaeosoma*), a little cinnamon-and-gray honeycreeper with a white-and-black face. The po'ouli—a whole new species and genus—was only discovered in 1973 by two University of Hawaii students studying the Hana Rain Forest on Maui. Both are working on the present forest bird survey. Jim Jacobs is a botanist, and Tonnice Casey, known as "Golden Ears" for her ability to pick up birdsong at great distances, as a bird counter. During our week she was a "rover," serving as an extra hand to help out on the five separate transects that were surveyed concurrently.

The frenzy of the packing subsided, and Klutmeier and I began to be given appreciative glances. As our boots were inspected, the abrasiveness of lava was mentioned. Our rain gear had to be displayed, the amount of our water judged, in all this, it seemed, the durability of our good spirits was the main item in question. "You're going to regret this, you know that," said Fred Ramsey, a professor from Oregon State, who was the project statistician who had put in enough time on transect to form an opinion of the work. "I've found that you can tell people what it is like, and then tell them again," said Burr with a fierce sort



The hawk, the state bird of Hawaii, has made a remarkable comeback from the brink of extinction.

of fatalism, "but until they're really in there they simply can't conceive of it."

Scott, a calm, determinedly reasonable man, did not dwell on the coming ordeal. "I get some of my best thinking done on transect," he said, passing out our rain covers.

As we drove south from Volcanoes Park around the immense mass of Mauna Loa, he discussed the basic principles of Hawaiian ecology, prime among them that the 2,500 miles of open sea separating the islands from the nearest land mass was for hundreds of thousands of years an almost impenetrable barrier. Continental life forms were blown, carried or floated to a Hawaiian landfall very rarely, but once there they found paradise. It has been suggested that the islands' 58 forest birds are descended from fewer than 15 ancestor species, perhaps only five. "In terms of the ages of the Hawaiian Islands," wrote Berger, "only one successful invasion every 300,000 years would have been required for the establishment of the 15 bird ancestors." Down through those millennia, the few birds, plants and insects that made it responded to the incredibly varied habitat in the islands by evolving into dozens, sometimes thousands, of species, each adapted to its peculiar range. Because there was little competition, many species' defensive attributes were no longer needed for survival. There were no plant-eating mammals, so the raspberries lost their thorns. Some birds (a long-extinct rail, for one) lost the power of flight. Immunity to many diseases faded away, as it would for the Polynesians. Hawaiian creatures ended up fantastically divided in species, each of the gravest delicacy.

This kind of isolation-bred vulnerability has come about on many islands. Of the 161 kinds of birds that have vanished since 1600, 149 lived on islands, 22 of them on Hawaii. Once there were 1,060 types of land snails in Hawaii, some living all their lives on a single tree. Now, half are extinct and the rest threatened. Fifty-three percent of the 1,700 endangered plants in the U.S. grow in Hawaii. The cause of this decline is that Hawaii's moat shrank. Polynesians came from Tahiti around 500 A.D., bringing jungle fowl, pigs, dogs and rats. Cook, the first European contact, brought cattle, sheep, goats and measles. All these hardy organisms found paradise, too, easily decimat-

continued

Get the feel of a WINNER.



The Winner II Runner.

Studded outsole and extended heel for traction. Fiddle-shank and crepe heel wedge for lightness and support. See the entire line of Winner II Imported Sportshoes at

Sears

The Shoe Place,
in most larger
Sears retail stores.

© Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1979



For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ben Oivers, 19" by 21", send \$2 to Box 509-S4, Mail St. Sta. #7, 30000

Wild Turkey Lore:

To see a Wild Turkey rise from the brush and soar away at fifty miles per hour or more, is an unforgettable experience.

The Wild Turkey is the symbol of America's finest Bourbon whiskey, an unforgettable experience in its own right.



WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

© 1977 Austin Nichols Distilling Co. Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

HAWAIIAN BIRDS

CONTINUED

ing competing Hawaiian forms of life, including the Hawaiians. In the 19th century livestock was allowed to run wild, and by trampling ground cover and feeding on seedlings of native trees destroyed thousands of acres of forest. By the 1930s great clouds of dust blew from the denuded sides of Mauna Kea. Mosquitoes carrying avian diseases contributed to the forest birds' decline in lower areas. The list of the extinct lengthened. The spectacular Hawaii 'o'o, shining black with golden shoulder and tail feathers sought by the Hawaiian makers of regal feather capes, was gone by 1900.

In 1883 the Indian mongoose was introduced on the Hamakua coast of the island of Hawaii in hopes that it would control the burgeoning rat population. Instead, the mongoose preyed on all ground-nesting birds. The next, the beautiful brown-and-white barred native goose that is Hawaii's state bird, declined from more than 25,000 individuals toward the end of the 19th century to about 30 in 1952 because of mongoose predation, as well as that of feral pigs, dogs and cats. A contributing factor was the unfortunate happenstance that the mere hunting season coincided with the breeding season, about which little was known. This meant that for every goose on a Hawaiian dinner table, several goslings were starving up on the mountain. Wrote Berger, "Kauai, the only main island on which the mongoose has not been introduced, is the only island which still has all of the endemic birds known to have occurred there since 1778." That was in 1972. Since 1976 the mongoose has been seen on Kauai.

On the island of Hawaii the surviving native birds shrank back into the forest. The alala, or Hawaiian crow, which is distinct from North American crows in being a true forest bird instead of favoring open farmland, was thought to be down to a breeding population of 20 pairs by 1974. Small songbirds such as the palila, the 'o'u, the 'akiapola'au and the 'akepa were seen less and less frequently. They were placed on the endangered-species list, but their terrain was so horrid of passage that no one knew for sure their numbers.

"This is really a 19th-century type of study," said Scott as we left paved roads and began a four-wheel crawl to the upper reaches of Transect 57. "It is essen-

ually descriptive, finding out what is there. On the mainland they do detailed studies of physiology, of life cycles, of how species use resources. But we have not even seen half the species in Hawaii nesting."

Above 3,000 feet we entered clouds lying across the tussocky pastures. "Puuwaka," said Burr, the Hawaiian word for cowboy. Two riders were coming hard down a ridge to intercept us. One's stern, weathered face was that of Norman Greenwell, the owner of this land. "Rain been starting about 11," he said to Scott, relieved that we were not rustlers. When the hard survey was proposed, he had said, "Don't find any rare birds on my land," fearing the restrictions that might bring, but he has obliged the searchers, as have all the island's ranchers.

Farther up, we were stopped by a gate for which we had no key. Our consternation was eased by the appearance of a four-wheel-drive wagon carrying three men. One, resplendent in leather and double-knits with knife-edge creases and glossy boots, had a sidearm in a holster about two feet long. He was a client of the driver, hunting guide Gene Ramos, who providentially had the needed key. Ramos talked with Scott about wild dogs that had been after the feral sheep and goats in the high forest. Scott said he would keep an eye out for them. Ramos would have preferred more than an eye. He said, "You never carry a rifle, do you?"

"Never do," said Scott.

The hunter smiled, shaking his head. Heading uphill once more, Scott said, "In quick succession you've just seen a sample of two of the groups that have strong feelings about how the land should be used, the ranchers and the hunters. Then there are the large estates which lease their land, and the forest service and the conservationist groups and the military."

Clearly, if action is needed to save birds, it will come only as a result of complicated politics. As the road vanished and we stopped and shouldered our packs, Scott's pale blue eyes seemed to relax, welcoming, perhaps, this temporary escape into the world of the transect.

At first it was too easy, simply a level walk across grass and outcroppings of lava called *pahoehoe*. Three nene rose in front of us with gentle, keening calls,

after, less haunting than Canada geese. They have been brought back by doves, by breeding programs and the landowners' assistance in protecting them.

We climbed through dry manane, small, fringed-leaved trees with long, toothed seedpods. Their seeds, lying bright golden in every crevice, were exceptionally hard. One in your mouth felt like a small beach stone. The *pulila*, a rare, yellow-breasted honeycreeper, feeds primarily on the green seeds of the manane tree, but there were no more *pulila* in this region. "To find one here, that would be a great day," said Scott.

Because the only road near the transect had brought us to its middle, the plan was first to work uphill to timberline, then do a forced march back to lower elevations, ending in thickest jungle guarded by fire. The transects are divided into stations, 440 feet apart, twice the distance that the Hawaiian thrush can normally be heard. Working from 5:30 a.m. to 9:30 a.m., each of the surveyors would stop every minute at each station, recording every bird seen or heard. Between 15 and 24 stations would be covered in a morning, a new camp made, the afternoon was spent cruising in search of the rarest birds.

First camp was at 5,160 feet, in misty woods of manane and an occasional sandalwood. Our tents went up quickly, and soon we were crouched around our little having gas stoves, consuming freeze-dried turkey tetrazzini.

"There was none of this propane/mylon/fiber-glass/aluminum-foil technology in the old days," said Klutznicker, who because of his film and cameras had found himself staggering beneath a 70-pound pack.

"They had mules," said Scott, recalling turn-of-the-century birders. "Huge canvas tents, great roaring fires..."

"—and more birds to see," said Burr. "Yeah. They shot a few themselves." Dinner over, we went straight to bed.

We were brought to consciousness fearfully, in the dark, by a loud, thrashing, chewing noise, as if Burr's and Scott's tent were being devoured by a 5,000-pound caterpillar. It was the sound of plastic bags being stuffed with bedrolls.

In the silence that followed, we heard

Scott whisper "Listen to the elepaio." It was faintly dawn, signaled more by the birds than by the light. Ring-necked pheasants squawked, wild turkeys gobbled, North American cardinals sang their short liquid song. All these birds were around us because residents of the islands, while historically unmoved by native birds, maintained a passion for bringing in foreign ones. (Paradoxically, biologists speak of introduced birds as "exotics." In Hawaii an English sparrow is an exotic.) A movement called Hui Manu (Bird Club), organized in Honolulu in 1930 for the introduction of exotic "songsters," hoped to make Hawaii "the Aviary of the World." More than 150 species were introduced; at least 32 have become established. "The general philosophy seems to have been 'If one species doesn't survive, let's try 10 more,'" wrote Berger. "How many diseases and parasites were introduced with these birds is not possible even to guess." Besides intentional introductions, occasional storm-blown birds straggle in but seldom breed. A lone golden eagle has lived on Kauai for the last 10 years.

The most resistant and adaptable of the native birds was the one Scott had first heard among the foreign clamor. The elepaio is a small, brown, white-rumped bird, similar to a wren, said to call its own name. For us it said four syllables, but usually had poor diction. Curious and bold, the elepaio appears in Hawaiian legend as a judge of good canoe timber. If it pecked on a fallen tree, the wood was unsound. If it called out "Oua ka ia" ("Sweet the fish"), the wood was good. We were to listen for a week, but no elepaio ever said that. Either there are no good canoe trees left or the whole legend is spurious.

After a fast breakfast, Scott and Burr broke their half of camp and were off on their careful counting. So they could work undisturbed, Klutznicker and I dallied for an hour, admiring the sunrise over the gentle curve of Mauna Loa, lamenting our ignorance of birds. Klutznicker took pictures of songbirds, and remarked that a slide of the grosbeak finch could end up in the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* photo files with no one recognizing it. The grosbeak finch was last seen in 1896. We recalled the answer Tonne Casey had given when asked at what time of year she had discovered the po'ouli. "July

continued

HAWAIIAN BIRDS

continued

27, 1973, 1:30 p.m.," she had said, grinning. "I saw a bird I didn't recognize about six feet away and I turned and snapped a picture. Instant immortality."

Kluetmeier did that a lot the first few days, because he didn't recognize anything. "Only bird here is the yellow sick-eyed morning crackle," he said, wadding up the plastic our oatmeal came in.

We were educated gradually. We had gone no more than half a mile in pursuit of our guides when we found a note pinned to a shrub saying "look for the elephant nest." At length we found it, neatly tied into the top of a mamane, and Kluetmeier stalked the most common bird on the island. We pressed on. The way led through an understory of juniper-like pukiawae, up 20-foot cliffs, through masses of eye-threatening sticks. We rested often, once photographing dung beetles rolling their scatological sustenance. They do it with their back legs.

Burr and Scott joined us late in the morning. We planned a two-day camp up high, from which the biologists could work stations on both sides before we descended. With a mile to go, we came upon something out of Dante's *Inferno*. The blue transect flags marched across a huge river of crumbly, jagged, shifty lava. There were craters we had to clamber into and climb out of, narrow defiles that raked at our knees and the corners of our packs. The rock cracked and slid under our boots. I put out a hand to steady myself and the stone tore away half the skin of my palm. Spooked, I went slower and slower among the changing shapes, the daggers, maces, arrowheads. This kind of lava is called *a'a*, which is what the Hawaiian kings' messengers cried out when they had to walk on it. It is hateful and nerve-racking, a seaborne landfill on which boots last three weeks. Ahead, Mike Scott creased ahead, pointing out birds and feral sheep. "You think this is bad," said Burr, "until you hit a's with it growing over it."

At length we stumbled down onto solid pahoehoe, which is a lovely surface, so solid, so rich in traction. It ripples and flows exactly as it did when left here, molten, at the land's creation. In places it is braided like ship's cable, in others it swirls like chocolate-cake batter folding into the pin. Camp was upon a conve-

nient bed of sand among smooth pillows of this splendid stone, shaded by tall ohia trees. Our elevation was now more than 6,000 feet.

Twice a day Scott made radio contact with the other transects, checking on progress and discoveries. In its first two summers, the survey has made some drastic adjustments in official estimates of bird populations and ranges. "The 'aka-pola' 'au (a yellow honeycreeper) was known only in two separate sites, but we found it on six transects this year," said Scott. "There were only five sightings of the 'akepa up to 1972, but we've found it widely distributed. The 'o'u used to be seen about once every three years. We got 61 last summer."

This is not to say there is a bird under every rock. "The teams covered 20 square miles of forest today, and the only endangered bird heard was a Hawaiian hawk," said Scott. "Compared with how the literature says it was in 1900, birds are very, very scarce. The palila, the one bird we have documented in area compared with its historical range, has declined by 90%. To get 31 sightings of the 'o'u took 5,000 counting stations."

Kluetmeier and I had loaded our packs independently, in different cities, after confused, neophyte visits to outfitters. Now we took inventory. Out it all came, to our guides' ascending disbelief, the freeze-dried fruit, beef jerky, freeze-dried dinners in foil, oatmeal, soups, sauces, apricot nectar, carrots, two-pound bag of brown sugar, cheese, freeze-dried ice cream. Not that any of this was bad—although in a place where one must carry all one's own water it makes little sense to use freeze-dried food—just that there was so much of it.

"Twenty-six dinners?" said Burr, incredulous. We also found we had one too many tents, too many rolls of toilet paper, too many clothes, plates, soap, rope and plastic bags. We had been careening over the *a'a* like starving train robbers carrying gold across the desert. And we would careen back just as loaded, because the bird-counting parties do not leave a trace of their passing.

At twilight I walked beneath a bright moon and picked a blossom that looked like a soft, scarlet shaving brush, and brought it to Burr to be identified. "It's an 'ohia-lehua flower," he told me, "and if you pick one, it is said to bring rain."

Another tiresome Hawaiian superstition.

The rain began at dawn, fine, penetrating sheets from the west, chilling our spirits and oatmeal. Rather than sit and be soaked, Kluetmeier and I set out early, chasing the biologists up the mountainside. At the top of the transect the mists blew away and left us in brilliant sun, staring out at a stunning display. Across to the north rose Mauna Kea, 13,796 feet high. To the northeast stood Mount Hualalai, 8,275 feet and ringed with cloud. Below we could see the ocean, and far off the blue summit of Haleakala, 10,023 feet, on the island of Maui. Burr and Scott cast about with binoculars, identifying vegetation, Scott, with emotion in his voice, said, "See that bright green mamane forest there on Mauna Kea? You're looking at half the total range of the palila. The other half is on the other side of the mountain." Sixteen hundred birds live in that forest. Farther east on the mountain stands another mamane forest. Palila used to dwell there. As far as anyone can tell, the habitat is identical to where the palila still live. "But even though the palila is a good flyer, it's not going back there," said Scott. "We don't know why."

The palila seems to have a perverse streak. Usually it feeds on mamane seeds but sometimes it eats caterpillars. The forest offers a choice of protectively camouflaged Geometrid caterpillars or conspicuous yellow-green-and-black Pyralid caterpillars. Theoretically, camouflaged caterpillars taste good and ostentatious ones can get away with being gaudy because they taste terrible. So what does the palila do? It feasts on the gaudy, inedible ones.

Back in camp in the afternoon, the brush hummed with bees. Rick Warshaw and Holly McKelowney, a botanical team, came down the transect and stopped to talk of their work. "The 250 plants that made it to Hawaii before man had radiated into more than 2,000 species," said Warshaw, a gentle, scholarly man with intense, burning eyes. "There is more variety of habitat within short distances here than anywhere else; you go from wet valleys to dry hillslides in a few yards. Plants aren't advantaged to travel. They're in danger of getting somewhere inhospitable if they do, so the tendency of native plants has been to have large seeds, to restrict movement."

What was once a paradise of unused resources allowed families of plants that have died out elsewhere to prosper and expand. "The lobeloids in the forest are relics of types no longer found anywhere out of Africa," Warshauer said. "Here they've evolved into 100 kinds. Some are arborescent. One looks like a baseball bat with a cabbage stuck down on it."

Hawaiian plants were as defenseless as the birds against continental competition. Warshauer asked Klumtmeier to take a photograph of a senecioide, a native mint, saying, "A picture will be nice to have, once they go extinct."

In their mapping of vegetation, the botanists carefully describe damage done to the forest by animals. Warshauer has developed an 11-point scale of pug damage, from "untouched" to "rottilled." "Here, I'm noticing what the feral sheep are doing," he said. "The worst is that they eat the young trees. See how there are mature mamane and ohia but no saplings. The forest isn't regenerating with all these sheep here. Down below, the big koa trees are toppling and not being replaced. As the trees die out there are fewer to catch the mists, so the effective rainfall is less, and that changes the character of the land even more. Grazing is always incompatible with native forest."

Scott, whose point that comprehensive study—such as the survey—must be done before anyone can be in a position to make land-management recommendations is well taken, nonetheless is convinced that the feral sheep and goats have to go. "It's hard to think of them as game animals," he said, and the next morning would show us why.

We recrossed the malevolent a'a, where Klumtmeier discovered that the easiest way to fall is to try to stand still. Fortunately he fell on his pack. "There is no hope of firm footing," he said. "The trick is always to keep moving."

Once we had regained pahoehoe, Scott called from ahead, "Meadow maggots to your left!"

We heard barnyard sounds and suddenly the brush parted and 22 wide-eyed sheep came running through, including three black rams with great black curling horns. One had a silvery white tail. Had I a rifle, I could have shot half a dozen and tracked the rest by their bleating.

The day's stations done, we hiked downhill. Tonnie Casey had covered the

stations in the dull middle elevations, so we had to thrash seven miles down to 4,500 feet, with only a stop at Casey's Jeep to take on water and unload our extra sugar, tent, film and foot powder. Burr, who is 33 and a native of Kaneohe, on Oahu, is 6' 4" and a powerful walker, uncommonly serene on his long-striding days. "That's because I can always remind myself I've been in worse places," he said as the forest deepened. "Old Transect 18, up in the Halo Forest Reserve, that was the worst. Ten-foot eluho fern for four miles, and no birds. You question your sanity hacking through there just to count Japanese white-eyes and cardinals."

"Nothing that bad on this side?" I asked.

"Supposed to be some here. But if all else fails, we can go along on our knees and push our packs ahead of us."

We camped on rough pahoehoe, our tent corded to rocks instead of pegs. Listening to the mist settling on the nylon, thoughts arose about the preciousness of the few Hawaiian forest birds, infinitesimal bits of color and movement in this sloping world, itself no more than a limpet on the spreading plain of the ocean. It seemed necessary to define their importance, to distinguish between the crass, supply-and-demand value taken on by anything that is scarce and a finer, intrinsic worth. It also seemed impossible. All of the reasons for the birds' importance—their fragility, their irreplaceability, their difficulty of access, perhaps even the ways they sadden us with their plight—flow from the brute fact of their scarcity.

Ultimately, thought about these birds turns back on the thinker's own species, on the strange inconsistency that lets us destroy the commonplace and treasure the rare simply for its rareness. If o'o's were as numerous as starlings, we would kill them as casually as we do starlings.

It is logical to find one death more significant than the millions that preceded it only because it is the last.

Yet man is the only creature who would sadly mark the passing of another. In the naming of our species we have said that we are sapient, that we are defined by our wisdom. A case might be made that the saving of these birds, in-

volving human effort and sacrifice, is a manifestation of that wisdom. Otherwise we shall stay one with the mosquitoes and the mongooses, following the law of nature to its inexorable letter.

It seems a law of sorts that scarcity draws attention. Rare birds and animals inflame our urge to hear, to see, to possess before it's too late. This may be because to have a Mike Scott come out of the forest in 10 years and say, "Do you remember how the voices of the alala were so musical? Well, they're all gone now," is to hear a sentence that tolls for all of us, albeit in a way no one need panic over—our most is uncrowable, so far.

Even a man like Tim Burr, devoted to ameliorating the birds' plight, when he speaks of going to Kauai's Alakai Swamp in search of the Kauai o'o—perhaps a dozen survive, the last members of the genus—seems more the inspired seeker than the dispassionate scientist. "I don't want to wait until 1981 [when the forest bird survey will reach Kauai]. I want to see it now, watch it, listen to it, see its postures."

Birders, not ecologists but the kind who fly across continents simply to add a melodious laughing-thrush to their life lists, sometimes suffer their voyeur's desire so intensely that it can threaten its own object. Peregrine falcon young are stolen from nests once the location leaks out. Rare species' eggs find a ready black market.

When Klumtmeier and I awoke the next morning, the sun was high and hot. Already this was a day of luck. We had been allowed a luxurious sleep. Then, finding that the transect ran up onto a lava flow, we made a lucky guess. Walking parallel to the heading, we strolled on smooth stone and then on green, spry pasture while the biologists had to labor over a'a. We rejoined them in camp on lumpy grass, and when I slung down my pack and knelt to drink, the hawks announced their presence with screams.

The following morning, Klumtmeier was tied up in his tree waiting for another exchange of hawks on the nest, and maybe a glimpse of eggs. Burr and Scott, green with jealousy, were gone down the transect, devotedly keeping their station counts. I puttered around camp, coming upon a round, six-foot-deep hole in the lava where a tree had stopped the un-

continued

cient flow, then burned away. Now a pretty peperomia grew down there, safe from livestock, decorating the bones of a cow that had fallen in and died some years before.

I heard a yell. Several words, but all I could make out was my name. I ran. It was a quarter mile, uphill over tricky outcroppings, to the hawk tree. Klutmeier had inched too high on his rotten observation post, I knew, and now lay broken and moaning on the rocks below. As I crested the last ridge I heard him moaning, but he was still safely bound to his snag.

"The hawks attacked me!" he said, exultant, staring into the eye of an io on a branch not 15 feet away. Then he told the story "Assume it was the female on the nest all night. So first thing this morning the male settled in from out of nowhere and sat by me and posed for 15 minutes, preening, checking me out. He didn't seem too concerned. I complimented him profusely. He had his back to me and I asked him to turn around and he did. Then he hopped off and took a little glide down to the nest. Both birds stood there a second and had a little conference. She flew to a branch and stretched. Then he flew up and took a pass at me. He came over my head looking mean and went into a long glide away to that far tree. I was trying to focus on him in flight when I felt a jolt on the back of my head. The female had blindsided me!"

Klutmeier kept running a hand through his hair. "She didn't use her talons, just a fist, a shove, really, as if she were trying to dislodge me. I yelled. My heart doubled in rate. She landed right there where she is. I know I can protect my face, but I wonder about climbing down."

He lowered his camera bag and rope, then slowly crept toward earth, the female so glaring at him all the way. Then she began to preen. "I gave up shooting the U.S. Open for this," said Klutmeier, panting but ecstatic. "Was that over the right thing to do?"

In camp, we broke out our last package of dried apricots to celebrate. The adventure of the morning was memorable, but so too was the heartening realization that although the io might be vanishing, it is not because of any dwindling desire to survive. "Mike Scott actually

worried about our driving those bellicose birds from the nest by getting too close," said Klutmeier. "If anyone was driven away, it was us."

So we had our prize, quite likely the best photographs ever taken of the Hawaiian hawk. All we had to do was escape the entangling forest with them. We set off down the transect, got to where we had scouted without difficulty, and then the country rose against us. Masses of eluhe fern and ohelo berries covered treacherous a'a. The fern was as much as 15 feet high, and only the holes torn in it by the foregoing biologists convinced us it was passable. We slid into slimy pits, we crawled on our stomachs beneath the trunks of great fallen trees, upon which grew other trees. Klutmeier fell on his back again. I rammed my head into a mossy tree bole. Seldom could we see our feet. "It's kind of a controlled crash," Burr had said. But there were times of panic, skidding off rocks, my pack yanking me around, when I staggered for long seconds out of control.

After hours of this we came, soaked and exhausted and furious, to the tents of Scott and Burr. It began to rain. As we bubbled out the story of the hawks, we scurried to put up a tarpulin and tent. There were no level places, so we made one by tearing down ferns and piling them up. We would sleep on a bed of the bodies of our tormentors. Preparing dinner under the tarp, Klutmeier looked at his reflection in a blade of his Swiss army knife and said, "I guess you can't get much dirtier." This met with jovial contradiction from Burr and Scott.

We were down to 3,500 feet. Little crickets hopped over everything. Gnats, moths and spiders escaped the rain with us. Mosquitoes whined. The next day would be our final plunge, out in a road below. The next day, for sure, we would meet the dreaded ie ie.

The rain had stopped in the morning. Atop the first rise we looked upon a Palaeozoic vista. A great canopy of loea shaded 30-foot tree ferns. Beneath them was nothing but black earth and stone. We walked through this primordial cathedral among flocks of black kalij pheasants with red eyes. "It's like a park," said Klutmeier, "like something out of *The Lord of the Rings*." But at the far edge stood another crumbling ridge, and the ferns and vines began again. It was ever

wetter. Each time we stumbled sideways, the walls of vegetation received us with a shower of water and detritus. "They were right," muttered Klutmeier. "We can get dirtier."

The brown eluhe fern at least was weak. It took a combined effort of six or eight stems to trip or throttle us. But below 3,000 feet we began falling regularly. A new vine, with whip-like palmlike leaves and a pale, half-inch-thick stalk, spread over the lava occasionally, and when it did we went down. Klutmeier held up a piece as if it were a snake.

"The dreaded ie ie," he said.

We found that you couldn't rip through it in a rage or it would kill you. You had to watch your every step. But when you did, it caught you by the throat, or got between your back and your pack, or lashed at your eyes.

Station by station the ie ie thickened. By the map, our salvation road was to be at Station No. 165. When we reached 165, there were only arches of fallen trees, covered by eluhe. Klutmeier walked right over the trunks. I fell up to my eyes between them. There was no road under there, either. At 166 there was still no road and we were asking ourselves if there might not be some horrible misunderstanding. Nearing 167, we scrambled up an a'a mound and came upon a black gravel trail. There were the biologists' packs. There were the biologists. We were done.

In a daze we were hauled into a truck and driven downhill, collecting the rest of the parties. In less than 15 minutes we were passing pine forest, avocado plantations, terraces of dark, shining Kona coffee. "Look at the white surf on the black shore," said Klutmeier, but as we did, the white turned into Hiltons and Holiday Inns. Suddenly we were in the sultry town of Kailua, among tourists, crowds of clean, perfumed people. It was a jarring reentry, one that permitted a moment's view of civilization through the eyes of a naturalist.

My mood was disapproving, much as might have been the hawks', a territorial response that set me against these pale, pushy, paradise-seeking exotics who shoulder everything else aside. I had been one a week earlier. Now, it was not that I wanted to go right back to the forest, but that these multitudes had been away from it far, far too long.

HBO IS SOMETHING ELSE



If you'd like to see a wide variety of Hollywood movies, celebrity specials from nightclubs around the world, and exclusive sports—then you need something else. Home Box Office!

Home Box Office is the pay-television service that makes your own home the best seat in the house for your favorite Hollywood movies. Always uncut and without any commercial interruptions.

HBO presents its very own "Standing Room Only" and "On Location" comedy and entertainment specials. These are exclusive

performances you can't see on regular television.

HBO puts you right up front for exciting sports from around the world—the events that regular television neglects.

And HBO is a real bargain! Just consider the cost of going out to see a movie, a game, a nightclub performance or a superstar in concert.

HBO is available only to cable TV subscribers and people who live in selected apartment buildings.

If you have cable TV in your area, you could be watching HBO. Just contact your system operator and ask about HBO service.

Find out why over one million subscribers say "HBO is something else!"

HBO

THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

If you don't know the name of the operator in your area, write Home Box Office, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

"You hear the roadhouse before you see it—the amplified four-four beat of country music pounding like surf through the woods, silencing the bullfrogs, setting the herds of Spanish moss dancing on the trees that fringe the two-lane blacktop. The parking lot is jammed with pickups, most of them costly 4-WDs with customized paint jobs. Men reel and glare and slosh beer on themselves as they

stagger around the veranda — skinny, sunburnt men in Levi's and workshirts, with scuffed cowboy boots and baseball caps cocked back on their foreheads to reveal the badge of the farmer: that blanched expanse of skin where the cap has shaded the face, babyhood pallor above the sun-blackened snose-bulging jaws. Half shot with drink, they wear the faces of Confederate dead in Mathew Brady photographs."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Gunn: Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in Sports Illustrated, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

[illegible]

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 11-17

BOXING—MUHAMMAD ALI regained the WBA heavyweight championship from Leon Spinks, winning a unanimous 15-round decision before a crowd of 30,000 in the New Orleans Superdome. On the same card, 22-year-old MIKE BACANAL, of Turin, Italy, won a 12-round WBA fly-heavyweight title from Victor González of Argentina in a 120-and-three DANNY LAKE Red López of Los Angeles retained his WBC featherweight title with a second-round KO of Jaime Malvarín of Argentina, and JORGE LUIAN of Panama retained the WBA bantamweight championship on a 15-round decision over Alvaro Oviedo of Mexico (page A5).

CHINA—Challenger Viktor Korchin won his second game of the world championship in Baguio City, Philippines, facing world champion Anatoly Karpov to resign on the 66th move of the 11st game. Karpov still leads the series with four victories. There have been 17 draws.

EQUESTRIAN EVENTS—BRUCE DAVIDSON won the individual title at the World Three-Day Event Championships for the second time. CANADA, which scored 397.6 points, was the team title. The U.S. finished third behind West Germany (449.6).

[illegible]

FILE Los Angeles, who withdrew, upset Dallas 7-6. Ray Madden threw a 43-yard touchdown pass to Willie Miller with 7:46 remaining in the fourth quarter to give the Rams a 20-14 victory.

NEW YORK Stinkpot threw 43 yards for the clinching score with 3:21 left. Tony Dorsett, who had averaged over 100 yards rushing in his first two games, gained just one yard on four carries in the final drive. The Rams' eighth against the New York Giants, but Joe Parrilli's two touchdown passes and Doug Kotar's 79 yards rushing won the game.

NEW ORLEANS Rex Jacobsen threw two touchdowns in a 28-8 Harold Carmichael at Philadelphia best effort. The Saints' defense held the Eagles to three touchdowns. David Smith rushed for 121 yards and three touchdowns as Seattle beat the Jets 24-17 in New York City. The A's lost their second straight game to the Yankees 10-6. Gary Davis ran 65 yards for one Dolphin touchdown and Debra Wilkerson rushed for 125 yards and another while the Bills, losing 40-NFL record in Detroit, Kik Van Zant remained a quiet 75 yards as the Redskins' insurance was a 29-yard score with 13 left in Denver last Sea-Dingo 24-17. On Monday night blue jeans are back for Broncos 12-9 in overtime on the

POF—BON STRECK, shot an eight-under-par 62 for a 265 total, 15 under par, to win the \$200,000 Texas Open at San Antonio by a stroke over Hubert Green and Lon Hinkle.

DONNA CAPONE YOUNG shot a final-round, two-under-par 71 for a 282 total to win the \$100,000 LPGA tournament in Alamo, Calif. by five strokes over Jane Blalock.

JAINES RACING—FLORIDA PRO (\$740), driven by George Sholly, won the \$113,350 Colonial Trail at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia by a length and a half over Doublemint. The 3-year-old was timed in 1:58.1

LOWER RACING—In the first meeting of Triple Crown winners, SEATTLE SLEW (1962), the 1977 champion, Angel Cordero Jr. up, defeated Affirmed, this year's champion, by three lengths to win the \$300,000 Marlboro Cup at Belmont. Slew covered the mile and an eighth in 1:45 1/2 (page 22).

ACTOR SPORTS—DANNY ONDARI, driving an Interscope-Corwatts, averaged 148.246 mph to win the Michigan Grand Prix for Indianapolis-type cars at

Brooklyn, Mich. Tom Smeets, in a Porsche-Cresworth. Finished second, 12 seconds behind.

BOBBY ALLISON, driving a Thunderbird, averaged 119.323 mph on the Dover Downs International Speedway to take a 19.7-second victory on the Delaware 500 over Cale Yarborough, in an Oldsmobile.

FINISH—The U.S. defeated Chile 3-2 in the American Zone Davis Cup final at Santiago, as Bryan Gottfried and John McEnroe won the decisive doubles match over Jaime Fillol and Belus Prajoux, 3-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3 (page 33)

VIRGINIA WADE defeated Betty Stove 4-1, 7-6 to win the \$100,000 Torrey Pines Championship at Torrey for the second straight year.

WTT—Before the Boston Lobsters and Los Angeles Sings began their best-of-five championship series, it was evident that the Mariana Navarrella-Chia-Evert match would be the key. But Navarrella reassured her left shoulder at the U.S. Open and watched from the sidelines as Evert and the Sings won two straight from the Lobsters in Boston and returned to Los Angeles with a chance to sweep. The Sings defeated the Lobsters 3-2, in which 1 with Evert beating 19-year-old Anne Smith who was losing Chris for the first time, 6-2, then coming with two key winners to beat Smith and Terry Mayberry 6-2. Match 3, Evert won 6-1, Navarrella won 7-5, and the Sings came back to win 6-2. Navarrella was the only one to criticize. With the Lobsters 3-2, Evert, winning the fourth set, Evert finished Smith again 6-0 to assure Los Angeles its second straight victory.

TRACK & FIELD—STEVE OVETT of Great Britain established a world record of 8:13.5 in the two-mile run at an international meet in London's Crystal Palace. His time was .3 of a second faster than the mark set by Brendan Foster in 1973.

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED By the Oakland Raiders, former New England Patriot and San Francisco 49er quarterback **JIM PLUNKETT**, 30, to three one-year contracts. Plunkett, whom the 49ers placed on waivers before the start of this season, has passed for 13,217 yards and 84 touchdowns in seven years.

白粉和印

4-Hung Kustobar 10-10-Manny Miller 10-
James Orlin 20-Manny Miller 21-John Isacco
22-Benton Silverman 22-Tony Toranzo 26, 27-Tony
Toranzo (top left) (bottom right) Rich Clarkson (2) 28-
Tony Toranzo (top left) Rich Clarkson (2) 24-Fight
Vince 23, 24-Russ Adams 26-Benton Silverman
27-Frank Vining 28-Bill Strohn 29-Kenny Moore
30-JP AP Dark Horse

FACES IN THE CROWD

SLIDE PLANE
 (continued)

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; self-blame



Kane, 22, until recently an auto worker, won the international senior men's singles title at the national roller-skating championships in Lincoln, Neb., for the second straight year. He finished first in both the figure and the freestyle categories.

STEVE INGHAM

Love Love Love



Imhoff, 26, was named the Most Valuable Player at the American Amateur Baseball Congress Stan Musial World Series in Battle Creek, Mich. The right-handed pitcher won three games in four days to lead Reading, Ohio to the title.

ARLANE REYNOLDS

DOI: 10.1002/for



Using a 55.1-pound bow, Ariane, 17, broke the amateur women's world hand-held bow record with a shot of 734 yards, two feet, one inch at the National Archery Association eight championships on the Bonnevill (Utah) Flute Range.

RENA ANTANELAR

Eastview Township, MI



Reina, 15, set a school record of 152' 11" in the javelin, a throw which is also fourth best in the nation for high school girls this year. A sophomore at Randolph High, she holds school records in the discus (126' 11") and shotput (38' 8") as well.

CLAUDE BULL

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; self-blame



Hills, 66, won five gold medals in the 65-69 age group at the Pan-American Masters Games in Santa Ana, Calif., the pole vault (7' 4"), long jump (14' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "), triple jump (27' 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "), 400-meter hurdles (84.3) and javelin (108' 3").

SUE BAILEY

Environ Biol Fish (2015) 98:1031–1040



A 23-year-old pitcher, Bisley was named Most Valuable Player in the national women's Class A fast-pitch softball tournament in Binghamton, N.Y. She won three games in leading Hawk's Phantom Reds to the championship.

PREDICTIONS

Sir: As a native Arkansan, I was in Hog Heaven when I saw that SI had picked our Porkers No. 1 in its college football scouting reports (Sept. 11). I recall that SI picked Notre Dame No. 1 last fall and that is where the Irish were after the dust had cleared.

BERT ALEXANDER
Longview, Texas

Sir: Neither Doug Looney's adoring prose nor Lou Holtz' new supply of red sweaters will overcome Alabama's pure talent.

JOHN L. SEER
Alberville, Ala.

Sir: Come New Year's Day, Lou Holtz and his Razorbacks will be the biggest one-line joke in the country. Penn State will be No. 1.

DOV KOVACS
Bethel, Conn.

Sir: Arkansas' No. 1 ranking is just what the doctor ordered here in Austin. We're going to hate letting you down on Oct. 21.

JOHN GILBERT
Austin, Texas

Sir: Congratulations on a most accurate prediction. Your Big Ten scouting report asked, "Can either team win the Illinois-Northwestern season opener?" The answer is a resounding no—a 0-0 tie!

S. M. BELLER
Geneseo, N.Y.

ONE PLATOON

Sir: Through his articles in SI, John Underwood is becoming the conscience of football. In his Sept. 11 piece (*Half Would Make It Whole*) he has very skillfully struck at the heart of the college game. As an ex-college player (DePaul) and ex-assistant coach (U.S. Marine Corps/DePaul), I strongly agree that a return to the one-platoon system would be a tremendous thing for college football and, more important, for its players. In addition, a return to one platoon would enhance the quality of the small-college game, because more class players would be available for the small-college ranks—and everyone knows that the best college-football experience is had at the small-college level!

Moreover, as a father of a very gifted all-around athlete, I wish to see my son spend his college years enjoying other sports, too, not just overdeveloping his football specialty. I hope many college administrators will agree and apply pressure to revive the one-platoon

system. I doubt that the impetus will come from the coaching fraternity.

JOHN A. KELLOGG
Director of Admissions
Simpson College
Indianola, Iowa

REDSHIRT

Sir: What next? After reading about how Joe Jones was redshirted while in the seventh grade ("I Was Never Sure About Anything," Sept. 11), I think it is obvious that our football priorities need rearranging.

DOUG MOE
Madison, Wis.

REACTIONS

Sir: Without downplaying the excellence of some of your earlier series (such as *The Black Athlete*), I feel your series on Football Brutality (Aug. 14 et seq.) is the finest and most responsible piece of journalism ever published in SI. However, I can't decide which is more revealing—John Underwood's insightful reporting or the readers' reactions to those insights. While SI might have appeared to be a lone voice crying in the wilderness, recent letters to the editor show that more than a few of the fans share Underwood's concern. There won't be an end to violence and brutality until the fans demand it.

DAN DODDY
Brooklyn

Sir: The letters of John Blacksher (Aug. 28) and David Deaton and Kyler Foster (Sept. 11) make it clear that excessive violence in football is not simply a result of inadequate rules and misdirected coaching. The problem lies in the very philosophies of many of the players. We need to examine the attitudes that are being fostered by the sport.

PETER GREEN
Portland, Ore.

Sir: This letter is not being written to debate the validity of your series, but to express my view of the other side of being hurt. Throughout my athletic career, I found that it was when I wasn't being overaggressive that I was injured. I don't feel you can let up even that little bit and still survive. There will always be injuries in football, some of them very serious. The way the game is designed to be played, what else can we expect?

JAMES A. BECHER
Columbus, Neb.

Sir: I believe the biggest danger in sport today is that state of mind which equates brutality

with productivity. Athletes who dope themselves before a game are neutralizing their most dependable asset: their minds. They are, in effect, practicing stupidity, because the mind is not only the greatest motivator in sport but also the most important safeguard.

WILLIAM X. BARRON
Colorado Springs, Colo.

GOODE'S NUMBERS (CONT.)

Sir: As sports fans with a high regard for the value of mathematics and applied science, it disturbs us greatly to see SI give such uncritical praise to Bud Goode (*Big D by Three*, Sept. 4). A case in point is Goode's ridiculous theory that the more a team runs, the better its chances of winning. He has completely confused cause and effect. Teams tend to run more often when they're ahead, and pass more often when behind. They don't win because they run; they run as a result of being in the lead.

Statistics are worthless unless one knows how to interpret them, and Goode doesn't.

ED BOSSETT
JAY LEINWACH
Media, Pa.

MR. STRAIGHT ARROW (CONT.)

Sir: We in the Dallas area know that Roger Staubach is for real (*A Do-Gooder Who's Doing Good*, Sept. 4). He is neither a figment of some P.R. man's imagination nor the dull namby-pamby Robert F. Jones depicts. Staubach gives us and our children a hero worthy of admiration and imitation. But let Jones sneer. Cowboy and Staubach fan will snicker, too—all the way to the Super Bowl.

CAROLYN MAPLES
Garland, Texas

Sir: In this age of ecumenism, you have chosen to subtly mock the sacred Sacrament of Reconciliation. The use of the fictional penitential scene only served to strengthen the stereotyped image of this facet of the Roman Catholic faith. I demand a printed apology. Cancel my subscription!

CHARLES A. PIZAGNO
Richboro, Pa.

Sir: You and other publications have created a new religion: Staubachism. You call him a do-gooder and a straight arrow. Others say he can walk on water. I say phooey. Enough is enough. Staubach is the best and his team is the champion, but with all this publicity you would think he was the new Pope.

DAN DODDY
Fayetteville, N.Y.

continued



Give your youngsters something new, we'll bring them back to something old.

We're reviving the kind of cliff-hangers that once made Saturday afternoon movies so very special.

One example: *My Seventeenth Summer*, an original adventure we've filmed with some of the good folks (and bad folks) you see here.

But there's lots more than serials on "Big

Blue Marble" this season.

Our *Tommy and Peabody* award-winning children's television series is growing up, right along with our audience.

With features for young people that even adults will find fascinating.

We'll still be looking at how children around the world live, play and work.

But now, we'll explore their lives in a little more depth.

And with the vehicle

you see here — our *Blue Marble Mobile* — we'll travel across America.

With a young reporter doing interviews — on the road.

This is the fifth year that "Big Blue Marble" is being presented by the people of ITT. Once again, as a public service.

Because we think the better children get to know each other as children, the better they'll understand each other as adults.

Check your newspaper for local TV station and time.



The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT



**No matter what system you own
there's an Empire Phono Cartridge
designed to attain optimum performance.**

Detail, brilliance, depth.

These are the qualities of every Empire phono cartridge and whether your system is "state of the art" or "low budget" there's an Empire cartridge that will maximize your

listening pleasure.

Visit your local Empire dealer today for a demonstration you won't soon forget.

Empire phono cartridges.

Already your system sounds better.

For your free brochure,
"How to get the most out of your records", write:
Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

EMPIRE

You're in the Money!



MONEY is the monthly magazine from the publishers of Time and Fortune that talks about you

About your home, car, job, vacation, insurance, investments, hobbies,



...Managing your finances

leisure time, purchases and luxuries. About how you can live better—right now—for less. Every month, **MONEY** offers helpful suggestions on everything from making your home more luxurious to selecting the best discount wines.

...Living the good life!

from choosing a tennis camp to taking a do it yourself safari for only \$30 a day... from building your summer dream-house to maximizing your investments.

If you'd like to see how **MONEY** can help you live better, call 800 621-8200 toll free right now (in Illinois, call 800-972-8302). We'll send you an introductory copy of **MONEY** risk FREE. If it's not everything we say it is, just write "cancel" on your bill and keep your first issue FREE—without obligation. If you decide to subscribe, you'll receive 11 more issues for only \$14.95.

TO ORDER MONEY, CALL 800-621-8200 TOLL-FREE! (IN ILLINOIS, 800-972-8302)



...Sheltering your income from the IRS!

19TH HOLE continued

GAMESMAN JACOBY

Sir:

Oswald Jacoby's record in tournament bridge is even more outstanding than your story indicated (*Just Name Your Game*, Aug. 28). The article is entirely accurate as to Jacoby's many victories in championships conducted by the American Contract Bridge League, the primary contract-bridge organization in North America for many decades. However, before he participated in ACBL tournaments, Jacoby had won four American Bridge League challenge cups, two American Auction Bridge League team championships and four American Whist League pairs championships.

HENRY G. FRANCIS
Executive Editor
ACBL Bulletin
Memphis

RUNNING WITH THE CHAMPIONS

Sir:

Having been an official entrant of the Falmouth (Mass.) Road Race the past two years, I particularly enjoyed Kenny Moore's article on Bill Rodgers' victory in this year's event (*Even in a Crowd He Runs Alone*, Sept. 4). The Falmouth race gives one a chance not only to be a participant, but also to rub shoulders with the greats of the sport. Road races are the only so-called happenings that allow the fan to associate himself with the pain and joy that the champion goes through under the same conditions. Being among the finishers on that ball field at the end of the race gave me a wonderful feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment.

DONNIE SAMUELSON
Brooklyn, Mass.

Sir:

The Falmouth Road Race "perverted by the crush"? How dare Kenny Moore pontificate a gospel of running elitism in an era of positive trends in the campaign for national physical fitness?

STEPHEN FLEMING
New York City

CUBS ATTENDANCE

Sir:

Regarding the Sept. 4 SCORECARD item on the impressive attendance figures for the Boston Red Sox and the Los Angeles Dodgers, I have often wondered what the attendance would be if both these clubs played all their home games during the day. So far this year the Chicago Cubs have drawn 1,437,853 fans playing only day games in a park that seats 37,741, despite the fact that the team televises all its home games. What's more, Chicago gives ample support to an American League team, too!

R. J. KARE
Chicago

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

Trumpeter Mountain, British Columbia, Canada

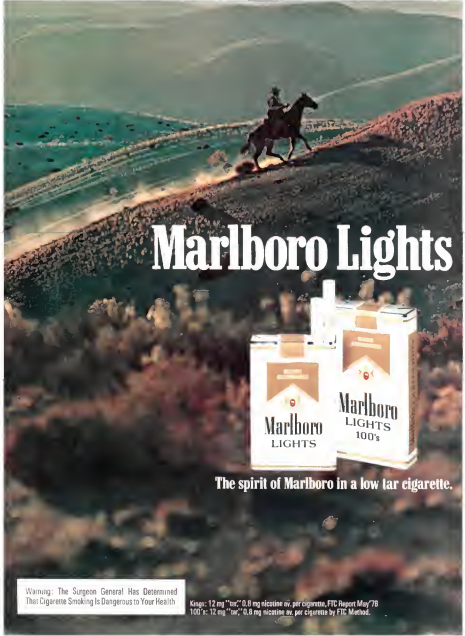
Canada at its best.

Enjoy the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist®

Share some tonight.



IMPORTED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 OR 86.3 PROOF, © 1977.

A person is riding a dark horse across a misty, rolling landscape. The rider is silhouetted against the light, and the horse is kicking up a small cloud of dust or mist. The landscape features rolling hills and fields, with a soft, ethereal light suggesting dawn or dusk. The overall mood is one of freedom and adventure.

Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.